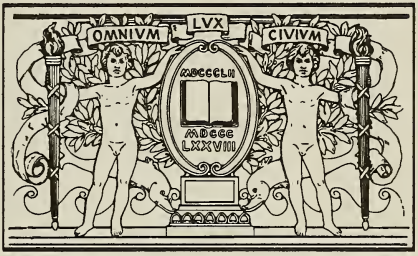

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JOHN MURRAY

MESSAGES

FROM

THE SUPERIOR STATE;

COMMUNICATED BY

JOHN MURRAY,

THROUGH

JOHN M. SPEAR,

IN THE SUMMER OF 1852.

CONTAINING

IMPORTANT INSTRUCTION TO THE INHABITANTS OF THE EARTH.

CAREFULLY PREPARED FOR PUBLICATION, WITH A SKETCH OF THE AUTHOR'S EARTHLY LIFE, AND A BRIEF DESCRIPTION OF THE SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE OF THE MEDIUM.

BY S. C. HEWITT.

"The letter killeth: but the spirit giveth life."

BOSTON:
BELA MARSH, 25 CORNHILL.
1853.

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Dedication.

TO

ALL LOVERS OF NOBLE THOUGHT,

WHOSE SOULS ASPIRE TO HARMONY AND THE

JOYS OF PERFECT LIFE,

This Volume

IS TRULY AND AFFECTIONATELY

Inscribed.

PREFACE.

THE following work is presented to the public from a sense of duty, and also with much pleasure, in anticipation of the high moral gratification and radical utility these messages will undoubtedly afford and promote.

In regard to the *source* of these productions, there will, of course, be a variety of opinions, in the present state of public thought on the subject of spiritual science and philosophy. But, whatever may be the final judgment of a fair and manly investigation of these modern wonders, one thing, I think, is clear,— that the intrinsic importance of the doctrines advocated in these messages will be no less, so far as they are *true*, whatever may have been their origin. ALL TRUTH is of God, and addresses itself to the intelligence of man; so that reason becomes the ultimate *subjective* authority throughout the whole field of its most normal operations. And by speaking thus of reason, the *heart-principle* is by no means underrated, inasmuch as a *healthy* reason must have a *healthy* heart. The best authority for truth, therefore, is always found in a calm and sober judgment, made vividly alive

by the ever-active energy of a TRULY LIVING SOUL!

If an ANGEL speaks to us, it is to US he must speak, — not to anything *less* than *ourselves*. When he addresses both the affection and the reason, and allows the latter, inspired by the former, to be *our* highest standard of truth, then it is both our prerogative and our happiness to listen. And so, too, is it with the Divine Creator and Father of us all; else, how should we *know*, or intelligently and lovingly *believe*, it was our Father's word? Any other doctrine of authority most plainly makes the soul an easy prey to any pretence of men, or spirits, according as their ruling love shall prompt them to the work. And here I cannot forbear giving the instructive words of the sainted Murray himself in relation to these productions, inasmuch as they illustrate, in few words, the *principle* on which ALL TRUTH should be accepted by the human mind. At the conclusion of these discourses, among other instructions, he spoke as follows: "I desire that the things which I have said in these messages may be received only as they commend themselves to the *judgment* and the *hearts* of those who read them." "Whoso readeth, let him UNDERSTAND."

The brief outline of Mr. Spear's experience in relation to spiritual phenomena, which this work

embodies, it was thought might be interesting to his numerous friends and acquaintances, and perhaps, also, to some considerable extent, to the public at large. And, inasmuch as he is very widely and favorably known as an earnest, truthful and devoted philanthropist, a faithful account of what is true of him, in this new field of labor, cannot but add much weight to the genuineness and authorship of these messages, of which he was only the PASSIVE MEDIUM. He is not, of course, to be held responsible for the sentiments of these discourses, for he is not their author. Some of these views do not accord, at present, with his own opinions; and, so far as accepting them for truth is concerned, he stands in precisely the same relation to them as the rest of mankind. Let the responsibility, therefore, be placed where it properly belongs, if anything of this sort be thought needful, beyond the intrinsic worth of those ideas the messages contain.

With regard to the sketch of Murray's life, here given, I may now remark that suggestions from the same source as the messages themselves were given to the writer, respecting its leading features; and those suggestions have been as faithfully followed as his judgment, and the somewhat unfavorable circumstances under which the work has been accomplished, would allow. It is but a meagre

outline, and perhaps somewhat disconnected; but, nevertheless, presents some of the more remarkable and interesting features of Murray's eventful life in this rudimental world.

I may here say, that, on examination of the works of Murray,* and comparing the style with that of these messages, a somewhat remarkable resemblance is, in some respects, presented between them. The sentences are, for the most part, long and involved, and peculiarities in words and phrases are not unfrequently in a striking manner similar. And when those who are acquainted with Mr. Spear's style of writing, and know it to be the very opposite of this (his periods being, nearly always, *very brief*), shall compare the two, they may, perhaps, see in this a circumstance of some account in confirming the justice of the profession that these are messages from the Superior State.

Such as this work is, then, it is now given to the world, in the confident expectation that its office will be eminently useful in promoting the welfare of man, and in hastening the coming kingdom of God, in Love, in Wisdom, and in Life!

S. C. HEWITT.

BOSTON, *Oct. 25th*, 1852.

* Letters and Sketches of Sermons: in three volumes. Boston: published by Joshua Belcher, 1812.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE SOURCE OF THESE MESSAGES.

It is a novel circumstance, in the experience of human beings here below, to be able to communicate freely and intelligently with beings of a Superior World. But if we may believe our own senses, as well as the united testimony of thousands of competent and responsible witnesses; if we may credit the dictates of our own highest judgments, guided by the essential principles, involved in *spiritual communication* with the inhabitants of this natural world, and inspired by the deepest cravings and the loftiest aspirations of the human soul, — then *must* we believe, that, however contrary to the *general* experience of the world, these new wonders may be, they are, nevertheless, all they profess to be.

That is, indeed, a singular principle of scientific inquiry, which inculcates *doubt*, *absolute* doubt, with respect to the development of any phenomena, or principles, which are contrary to the general experience of the past. And, it is a much more singular circumstance, that *religionists*, who profess to make Faith, at least, *one* of the leading elements of their teachings and

experience, should be found on the side of *scepticism*, in the field of new spiritual developments.

It may, perhaps, be said, that these things are not only *new, in themselves*, as it regards the general experience of mankind, but that they come in a *new way*, also. But what real objection this can be to *any* new development whatever, I am at a loss to determine. Is not Nature always prolific in new expedients whereby to gain useful ends? And though the *law* be eternally the same, in the successive developments of the same general class of facts, whether material or spiritual, do we not, nevertheless, find the facts, themselves ever varying in their mode of representing the truth they are designed to illustrate? This, indeed, would seem to be the order of Divine Providence, both in Nature and in Spirit: making the same *variety* in the history of human progress, that we find in the world of *things* and *beings*, aside from their *activities*.

If the mode of development were *always the same*, the world of phenomena would not keep pace with the world of principles. There would then be no succession of experiences out of a given range, or circle. The world would have no crises, no epochs: which is contrary to history. The world, already, has had its two grand crises in the march of Progress, and is now having its third. The Age of Power had its epoch with the advent of Moses; and in him, as the representative of the Old Covenant, was that era embodied. Another crisis came with Jesus, and gave us the Age of Love. He stands as the representative, and embodiment of the New Covenant, the Law and the Life

of a New Age; and illustrates the second grand step in human advancement. The Present Age is the AGE OF WISDOM* — now merely in its *dawn*. It will manifest itself, not so much in *one individual*, standing out in bold relief before the eye of the World, as in a general *organic effort* of the race, whereby the vices of the more primitive periods may be overcome, and harmonious human relations and life may be permanently and wisely established.

The present condition of the earth's surface, aside from what human art and industry have made it, is doubtless the result of several geological transformations, — each peculiar, in its way, though the result of the same essential law,— by which a high degree of material harmony was attained, and the globe measurably fitted for the abode of man. What the peculiarities of Nature's first grand crisis were, we have no history to inform us. But what was probably the second grand epoch gave us the Flood, and a varied surface to the globe. The third transformation, when it comes, will doubtless give us new creations in the several kingdoms of nature, whereby less of grossness and imperfection will mark her productions. Then the "*deserts*" of the earth — now in a state of *paralysis* — "shall rejoice and

* If it be said that this makes *our* age *superior* to that of Christ, and therefore lessens the estimate of him and his religion, then it is replied that the Age of Wisdom is only a *fuller development* and a *more perfect* REALIZATION of that Love in Life which is the very essence of Christianity. And, therefore, instead of *superseding* the religion of Jesus, it only makes it truly and wisely *practical*. If it be superior at all, it is so only in *application*, in *order*, and in *fruits*, — not in *essence* and *nature*.

blossom as the rose." Then the icebergs shall be melted, and nature's chains of frost shall fall, through the realization of her *auroral prophecy*, in the establishment, at the poles, of permanent BOREAL CROWNS — giving both light and heat.

The same thing is true in the lesser crises, as in the greater, various expressions of which, the world has witnessed, both in nature and in human experience, since the dawn of history. And, finally, personal life has its epochs too, when *human* nature gathers up its forces for a more expanded life and thought. Then the world looks *new* again, because the soul is new in its experience, and gives a hue of freshness to everything it sees.

It is the delight of nature, in all spheres, to comply with that highest and most central Law — VARIETY. Thus, in the Telescopic, as also, in the Microscopic universe, she bows, in reverence, to this sovereign Law. In all material nature, and in *human* nature too, this law bears perfect sway. And, when we come to *human progress*, why should the modes of that be an exception to the general rule? When the question of intercommunication between the world of matter, and the world of Spirit, forces itself upon our notice, why should we not, *even by precedent*, expect that question to be settled — not on *sameness* of mode, but on *new* and *varying* modes, whereby a new awakening of the soul should be wrought, and life gather new force towards its ever-ascending harmony?

And what is this *new way*, to which objection seems so widely to obtain in certain quarters? The general

phenomenon of Spiritual Manifestations, has its various grades, as it regards its mode of presentation. It begins with *sounds* — sometimes, seemingly, of an electrical sharpness, and then, again, of a subdued, and apparently muffled character. But what objection can any rational man entertain to such sounds, as a mode of communication between this world and the higher one? Does such objector reflect on the fact, that each age has its peculiarities of scientific and of philosophic development? Does he estimate the importance of *beginning* a new movement by that mode which shall best accord with such peculiarities?

But why do not the spirits *speak* to us? — it is inquired. If they be spirits, why can we not *see* them? But *should* they speak, — what then? Why, a *ventriloquist* is near — either seen, or unseen — and it is *he* that speaks — not the spirits. And should they present themselves to our eyes, we should, in like manner, call it *imagination*, or the like: — anything but Spirits of a Superior World.

Now, the reason of this procedure is plain. A scientific age, needs its scientific methods in all things, in the beginning of all new ideas. But what is there scientific in the sounds, of which we hear so much? — it will be asked again. Plainly this, that agents, with which science has so much to do, are made the instruments, through which, intelligence from the world above, comes to the world below. These agents are those subtle elements of Nature, with which science has made us familiar, and which we call Electricity and Magnetism. And besides, this new mode of develop-

ment leads the scientific class of observers, to a scientific classification of its facts; and also to an analysis of its principles, of the most thorough and philosophic character: thus giving the world without, what is true of the world within: — A SPIRITUAL SCIENCE, which shall give to all materiality, the soul and life it so much needs.

A grand mistake has been made, on the part of a certain school of reputed wise ones, in relation to the *origin* of these sounds. They have mistaken the *instrument*, or secondary agent, for the primary one, or intelligent actor, in the case. They have, in a sense, *deified* Electricity and Magnetism; and set them to work in the way of talking by sound, while they should have been wise enough to have escaped this pool of a mere material Pantheism. Were they a little wiser, they would see, that however much these imponderables may have to do with, either the sounds that are heard, or with the other modes of manifestation, they are as incapable of independent intelligence, as water, air or earth. They would see, that they may answer very well as *intermediates*, through which intelligent beings of the upper world, may speak to us the word of cheer; while, as the speakers themselves, they fail of possessing an adequate power, or, even any *pretension* to such power. And these remarks apply equally well, in my estimation, to any theory based on mere materialism, as all theories must be, which do not admit an independent intelligence, separate from, and superior to, the merely *human* mind, or any material element, as the active cause of these modern wonders.

But, then, would *spirits* tip over chairs and tables, break furniture, write, speak and play such pranks as we often hear of their doing? Is this the *way* — *new* though it be — in which they come to us, if they come at all? In reply, I would ask the *reader* a few questions: Are not Spirits, *men*, very much like ourselves? And do not men do such things? Where is the law by which one thing becomes another, on the instant? Even Saul, on his way to Damascus, is only *arrested* instantaneously, while it takes some length of time for him to get the scales from his eyes, and to become Paul.

But, would God *permit Spirits* to do such things? Why not? He permits men to do them. Is it not consistent for Him to permit the same things, in beings of the same character, even though a part of them be in the Spirit world, while the other part are here? There is nothing out of character, as I see it, in this moving of furniture, in itself considered. If the *object* of it be evidently a frivolous one; if it be unworthy of true Christian dignity; or, if it be truly wicked and injurious, then let it be condemned as it regards the *object* of it — *not*, as it respects the thing itself. The latter is a *fact*, which has a deep meaning, and is not to be slightly passed over. The mere fact of communication with beings of another world, — though the spirits themselves, with whom we communicate, as well as the mode of address, be of a low order, — is nevertheless a fact of very great value. It *demonstrates*, at least, *a future life for the spirit*, and that, low as the means may be by which the thing is made sure, is worth more

than all mere human *testimony*, however good, to the same end. Once let it become a matter of *actual knowledge*, that *spirits* do communicate with mortals, then it is sure that Spirits are *real* and *living beings*, — that they are immortal beings, and can never die.

Now this, I take it, is something gained. To *know* that I shall never die, is more than simply to *believe* it. When I know it, my "*faith* is lost in *sight*." And who shall say, that it does not, even *now*, please our Heavenly Father, to give us, though it be only in some slight degree, at present, the fulfilment of that beautiful declaration? And suppose the means to this end, are unworthy ones in the estimation of those in high places, and who pride themselves on mere dignity and propriety; was not the same thing true eighteen hundred years ago? It was then beneath the dignity of the self-righteous Pharisee, to acknowledge a Saviour who was born in a stable, and cradled in a manger. And there is much of the same pride now — pride of opinion — pride of position—pride of wealth and honors. It is a pride, I fear, which shuts the soul's eyes to the light of heaven, and contents itself with the *letter* merely, while it forgets the *spirit* and the *life*. It is a pride which always despises the "day of small things;" and its dreams of progress, if it has any at all, are like "angel's visits," as they were, but are not now. It is fond of building the "sepulchres of the righteous," and of "*garnishing*" them. It talks much of the "age of miracles" being "*past;*" and would doubtless give us chapter and verse for that, if the record of either the Old or the New Covenant vouchsafed such Scripture

for its consolation. In such dilemma, it takes the thing for granted; and falls back on its own dignity, when its creed is called in question.

But however *new* these modern facts may be, *in their mode of exhibition*, are they new, as to the essential principles which they involve? These modern phenomena are not mere *sounds;* but the sounds are *intelligent*. They are not mere *movements* of things which heretofore have stood in their places undisturbed; these movements have a language of their own; and, in their way, *their* story too is told. The writing, the speaking and the healing, at present so abundant, and in quantity as well as quality, still progressing, are only higher modes whereby the same great truth of spirit-life and thought, comes flowing in from heaven, from Spirits, and from God.

In *principle*, these things are nothing new. Eighteen hundred years ago, the heavens were opened, and the messengers of God brought to earth, "glad tidings of great joy, which," it was declared, "should be to all people." In this age of greater promise,* the messengers of love, come yet again, and "glad tidings" is their theme. That old truth comes to us now, with a living freshness, because it comes from *living beings*, whom God inspires to do his will. In the language of Murray, who lately gave a brief and special expression to this thought — "These are not *new* things. Back,

* I call this an age of "greater promise," because it is a time when Christianity embodies itself *wisely* in *life*, which it was impossible to do in the day of Jesus.

in the dim distance, centuries ago, the same things were done. This blessed, thrice blessed Book * is *full* of messages from a higher state. Because they are OLD they are admitted to be true. And that disposition of mind which now denies that communications are being made to the inhabitants of the earth, would TRAMPLE THIS BOOK IN THE DUST! And when it is seen how people treat these messages, it will be, at the same time seen, how *little real faith* they have in the Bible. But the cloak they wear will soon be taken from them, and they will then be seen as they *truly are*."

Considering the actual condition of the world, in a moral point of view, and the reasons which legitimately flow from that condition, in opposition to the New Dispensation, this declaration of Murray is a matter of the deepest and most vital significance.

No one need be "disturbed," however, and no one will, whose *moral state* does not put him under the ban of this searching insight. But I cannot help remarking how true it is, that there is *little real faith* in the *essential principles* of the Book, we call the Bible, — especially by those who make the loudest professions of such faith. If they really *believed*, they would treat the subject of Spiritual communication, now transpiring, with greater candor and consideration. This belief, however, is merely an *assent* to what is professed in the case; and this is very far from being *faith*.

From these, and many similar considerations, I am

* The Bible which the medium held in his hands while uttering the language I now quote.

free to say, that it is my faith — near akin to *knowledge*, if not actually such — that the source of these "Messages," is a Spiritual source. Whether they come from JOHN MURRAY, is another, and certainly a very legitimate question.

I am aware that those who have not witnessed anything of the kind; and especially those who have not been eye, and ear witnesses to the dictation of the following "Messages," will not have the same evidence, and, therefore, cannot have the same strength of conviction, on the subject, as those who have been favored with such privilege. But when the facts in the case, are fairly presented, and the candid reader takes them all into the account, I cannot see how the judgment of such should be averse to the truth of the profession, that JOHN MURRAY is, in reality, the Author of these Productions. However, as mere Authorship has very little, comparatively, to do with *essential Truth*, it is not of so much importance, *who* their author is, as *what they are*. Are these Messages, the words of Living Truth? Do they commend themselves to our highest moral judgment? Will they do the world good? These are questions of the most vital moment; and in the light of them, mainly, should these Spirit-thoughts be read. And if thus read, I think the world will not long remain in apathy, respecting the opening Heavens of the Age, the desire and design of God and of angels to do Humanity good; and the somewhat speedy realization of the Prophecies which these Productions contain.

THE SPIRITUAL EXPERIENCE

OF

JOHN M. SPEAR.

THERE are, perhaps, very few persons in New England, who have not heard of John M. Spear, as the Prisoner's Friend. And his fame, as a philanthropist, is by no means confined to this part of the United States, or even to this country. In England, in Scotland, and to some extent in other parts of Europe, he is recognized as the HOWARD OF AMERICA.

But very few persons, comparatively, however, either in other countries or in this, are aware of the fact, that Mr. Spear is a medium for spiritual manifestations. This new vocation is so recent with him (it being scarcely seven months since he had the first signs of being a medium), it could hardly be supposed that he should, thus early be before the public eye, to a similar extent, in this new calling, as in his former work of years. It is, therefore, thought best, in this place, to present the reader a brief outline of his experience in this NEW WORK.

I may here remark, that Mr. Spear is a medium for writing, for speaking, and for healing; besides having a slight power, at present, for moving. I am not aware that the sounds have ever occurred in connection with

him. These facts, it will be well to bear in mind, whenever the question of *reliability* recurs, in his case; because, most evidently, the higher the order of manifestations, and the more uniformly they are so, the more dependence there is to be placed on their freedom from mere human imperfection. From my long acquaintance with Spirit manifestations, I am led to conclude that the sounds are of the lowest order: — that, next to these, come the tippings, or movings. Then the writings follow, in due order, to be succeeded by speaking: and lastly, the whole is crowned (as the matter stands, generally, at present) by a beneficent healing power.

The Gift of Healing seems to be the leading power, with which Mr. Spear is endowed; and next to this, stands the ability to speak, without voluntary thought or effort. His writing is, comparatively, very little. The movings, with him, very seldom occur; and the sounds have never been heard at all.

If, then, I am right in my estimate of the various orders of these phenomena, and their relative degrees of perfection, Mr. Spear must be regarded as among the highest, and most reliable of media.

The mediumship of Mr. Spear may be said to have fairly commenced on the 31st of March, 1852. Previously to that, nothing intelligible was communicated to him, or to others through him; although his hand had been many times moved *involuntarily*, and his mind deeply impressed by some unseen power, entirely foreign to his own consciousness.

On the day above specified, Mr. Spear's hand took the pen, and began writing the following communica-

tions, which were accomplished, at intervals, in the course of three or four days:

"You must go to Abington* to-morrow night. You will be wanted there. Call on David Vining. Go with your horse and chaise. Leave Boston at two o'clock, precisely. That will bring you where you will be wanted in season. Go by the way of Abington. Do not fear to do as you are guided. All will be well. Tell sister Betsey † I will watch over you while you are away from home. She shall see good come from this direction, and will be satisfied with it when you get home from the journey. I am your friend, and will protect you from all danger, and will lead you safely and pleasantly home. Mr. David Vining lives in Abington. You do not know him. It is not your brother-in-law, in Hanover, of whom you have been thinking, since you have been impressed to write this communication. He lives near Daniel Holbrook's house. I shall impress you again to-morrow to go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go. OLIVER." ‡

The next communication reads thus:

"DEAR BROTHER SPEAR, — I know the state you are in. You would do as you are directed, but you doubt. Fear not. It shall be well with you. Can you not trust? Remember John Murray. He had faith. He went as he was impressed. God helped him. He will help you as he did him. Be of good comfort. I love you, and will lead you on in the path of duty and peace. Go to Abington, go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go, go. OLIVER."

* A town some twenty miles south-easterly of Boston.

† The companion of Friend Spear.

‡ Supposed to be the Christian name of Oliver Dennett, formerly of Portland, Me., but now of the Spirit-land. He was, in his earth-life, a special friend of Mr. Spear.

Third communication thus:

"I have now impressed you to go to Mr. David Vining's house. The time now draws nigh for you to go. Leave here at the time you was last night directed. Fear not. I will go with you. OLIVER."

According to the directions above, Mr. Spear started for Abington, where he arrived in due season. Calling at the house of a friend and learning that Mr. Vining did not live in Abington, but rather on the borders of Weymouth, an adjoining town, he put this inquiry to his invisible friend: "Why did you say Mr. Vining lived in Abington, when, in fact, he lives in Weymouth?"

Answer. "We do not in the spirit-world much regard town and other boundaries. It was well you should go where you now are. That is the reason I wrote, go by the way of Abington."

Question. "Why did you say David Vining lived near Daniel Holbrook's house, when he does not live within two miles or so?"

Answer. "He is closely connected with the house, or family of Daniel Holbrook, as I told you when at home. OLIVER."

The following communications were also written at the house of the friend, before alluded to, by the same invisible power:

"I am glad you came down here to-night. It shall be well that you came here. Wait and see what comes of it. Do not be in an anxious state. OLIVER."

"Go to David Vining's house in the morning with Philan-

der Shaw.* You will have a work to do there very important. Do, Oh, do as directed. It will be well. I will teach you when you are there. OLIVER."

"Sweet is that obedience which springs from an unfaltering faith in the spread of goodness, wisdom and truth. Spirits have impressed you to come here for a most important purpose. You shall see what it is. Wait a little longer.

"FRANCES." †

After receiving these communications, of which Mr. Spear was all the time conscious he was not the author; and which, of themselves, show most clearly, that he *could not* have been the author, though they were, indeed, written with his own hand, he went, as directed, to the house of David Vining, in company with the friend mentioned in the last communication, at whose house he had tarried over night. They reached the place in due season, and were soon ushered into the presence of the Mr. Vining, whose name occurs several times in the communications of "Oliver." Of Mr. Vining, Mr. Spear had NEVER HEARD, till told of him by his invisible friend; neither could he conjecture the errand on which he was sent thither, till he arrived and found Mr. Vining extremely sick with Neuralgia. He had been in extreme pain for ten days and nights, as Mr. Spear afterwards learned, during the whole of which time, he had not slept at all. As soon as Mr. Spear saw him, he felt moved to sit by his side, when, without any conscious volition on his own part, his right

*The friend on whom Mr. Spear first called at Abington.

†The companion of Charles Spear — the brother of John — for some years, now an inhabitant of the Spirit-world.

hand slowly rose towards Mr. Vining's head, and slightly touching him in the region of the ear, it rested there but a moment, when he, catching up his foot, exclaimed — "What are you doing to my leg?" "I am not doing anything to your leg," was the reply of Mr. Spear. "Well," said Mr. Vining, putting his foot on the floor again, and smiling, "the pain is all gone;" and so it was.

Mr. Spear now requested Mr. Vining to take his bed, and refresh himself with sleep; but the latter remarked, that he was afraid to sleep while *he* was there. He said he was fearful he should never wake up again. Mr. Spear then said: "When I was a boy, I was taught to say this little prayer,—

> 'Now I lay me down to sleep,
> I pray the Lord my soul to keep;
> If I should die before I wake,
> I pray the Lord my soul to take.'"

designing thereby, to soothe the remaining nervousness of his patient, and induce him to repair to his couch. But it was all to no purpose. He then told him, if he would lie down, he would leave him to himself, which induced the sick man to recline on the bed. He soon fell into a gentle and quiet slumber, and slept some time. When he awoke he was very much refreshed, and remarked, that "an *angel had visited him in his sleep, and done him good.*" The next thing we hear of Mr. Vining, he is about his business, as usual.*

* About fifty days after this cure, Mr. Vining died of the same disease, of which he was, in this instance, relieved. The case was

With regard to the following words from "Oliver," Mr. Spear is in doubt whether they were given *before* or *after* the cure of this remarkable case. But from the tone of the communication, I am inclined to think that it must have been written afterwards. I therefore record it in what I suppose to be its appropriate place.

"Let me teach you wisdom. Go on in your good labors for man. You will be aided and encouraged so that you will have ample time and means to do, all the spirits would have you do. You shall not want for wisdom. Ask, and it shall be given unto you. Good spirits are around and near you. Glory to God in the highest — on earth peace. OLIVER."

I present the reader this first case of healing, through Mr. Spear, somewhat in detail, because of its peculiar, and intrinsic interest; and, also, because it boldly introduces him as a writing, and a healing medium.

It is, perhaps, needless to say anything in explanation of the various facts and circumstances which transpired in connection with this case; but inasmuch as some are disposed to think that Mesmerism may account for the cure that was performed, and that these letters were

not one of ordinary *relapse*, properly speaking, as some have supposed; but death took place in consequence of great exposure, from which a severe cold was induced, succeeded by Neuralgia, of which he subsequently died. Just before his death, however, Mr. Spear was sent again by the spirits, to relieve his distress; but finding him surrounded by unrelenting doubters of this new healing power, he was not suffered to approach him. The consequence was, that *death* soon relieved him of his misery, which, doubtless, might otherwise have been accomplished, under the proper circumstances.

written by Mr. Spear, in a state of *unconsciousness*, a word concerning these conjectures may not be out of place here.

What *is* Mesmerism? — is a question which has not yet been fully answered. And, suppose we grant it to be, what it is usually understood to be, so far as a subtle aura, passing from manipulator to patient, is concerned, — then, we may inquire: What power is that, which acts through, or makes use of this aura, as a healing agent? The Mesmerists will answer: *The mind of the operator;* and I shall allow the truth of this statement, so far as it goes; but it seems to me, that it does not cover the whole ground. Is the human soul, an *independent* force? If not, then when it exhibits power, there must be some force back of, and superior to, the human. What constitutes that force? I can think of only two answers: *first*, superior beings — as spirits, or angels; and, *secondly*, God. I would say, that God is the primary Author of all power, and distributes it first to those beings, made in his own image, who are *nearest* to him. The influence then proceeds downward, through successive grades of moral and intellectual existences, till it flows into the human soul; and thence, it passes from soul to soul, always from the higher to the lower, and shows itself, for the most part, in beneficent results. And thus, it may be, and I think, must be, in the *ordinary* Mesmerism. Unless man is truly an INDEPENDENT actor, this view must be regarded as *pointing*, at least, in the right direction.

But here is an *extraordinary* case, and one which the common view of Mesmerism is absolutely unable to

meet. In *ordinary* Mesmerism, the operator is fully conscious of exerting the power of his own will, and sets himself *actively* to work to accomplish the result he designs. In the case of Mr. Spear, however, and in all similar cases (which are now daily, and numerously transpiring), there is an entire *passiveness*. There is not even any previous knowledge, or conception of what is to be done. There is generally a strong impression on the mind — consciously felt to be foreign to himself; and a slow and gradual movement of the hand (which is always paralyzed and cold, in Mr. Spear's case) towards the *seat of disease*. It is a remarkable fact, that with *very few* exceptions, the hand of Mr. Spear always finds the exact locality of the trouble, — just as well without his previous knowledge, as with it. If one has a severe headache, which is the result of a derangement of the stomach, the hand goes directly to the latter, instead of the head. If the pain, and the origin of it, have one locality, that place the hand surely finds, and there it operates by a superior and efficacious power. I am not aware of more than one exception to this statement; and that was a case — not, to which Mr. Spear *was sent* — but which came to him, and, concerning which, evidently, there had not been any *spiritual* consultation.* In all other cases, so far as my knowledge goes (and I have seen and conversed with Mr. Spear almost daily now, for about six months), there is a

* In many cases of cure, by this new method, the circumstances plainly show, that the Spirits of eminent, departed physicians are present, examining the patient, and consulting together concerning the disease, and its cure.

remarkable intelligence displayed, in detecting the place of the difficulty, as well as a wonderful power of healing the sick. Can ordinary Mesmerism account for these extraordinary things? If not (and I see not how it can), what shall we say of them? For my own part, I am not satisfied with any explanation which disallows that spiritual agency, which is, at once, so competent to the work, so beautiful in operation, and so hopeful for the world. And I am of opinion, furthermore, that whatever explanation may be given, by that class, at present, seemingly opposed to the Spiritual view, such explanation falls far short of satisfying those who prefer it.

And then, with regard to those letters, directing Mr. Spear to go to a particular locality, and to see a man of whom he had NEVER HEARD before; and who, at first, he supposed must be his brother-in-law in another town; but which the unseen intelligence informed him was not so: and, furthermore, the letters being invariably signed by the name of some spirit-friend, as "Oliver" and "Frances:"—all these things, I must confess, are beyond my powers of conception, on any other hypothesis than that which is *professed*, on the part of the agency which operates. It is true, that writings, as well as drawings may be made, in particular instances of somnambulic abstraction; but, that foreign names should be attached to such documents, which could have no other effect, than to delude the writer himself, as well as others, is straining supposition a little too much for rational philosophy, to say nothing of common sense. And then, again, to find a man dangerously sick, of

which fact, Mr. Spear knew no more, till he arrived at the sick man's house, than he did about his name, till he was, in the above mysterious manner, informed of it, is a phenomenon to be accounted for, on some other ground, I think, than mere coincidence, or anything in that direction. If we suppose (what is *professed* in the case) that a spiritual being, once a man in the flesh, but now inhabiting a spiritual body, and living in a Spiritual World, impresses the mind, moves the hand to write, through that gives directions by names and places; and finally, performs the cure which takes place, then the whole matter is free from all difficulties, save those which scepticism in the SUBSTANTIAL REALITY of life beyond the grave, is ever ready to prefer.

Since the case of cure, already narrated, Mr. Spear has been frequently sent on errands of beneficence, and, generally, with good, and somewhat marked results. Soon after the cure of Mr. Vining, at Abington, he was sent several times to Mattapoisett. The case there, was one of Dropsy, of several years standing. And, although a cure was not effected in this case, yet a marked effect, exhibiting a superhuman power, was very manifest. But when it is remembered, what the difference is between acute and chronic diseases, as, also, the difference in the ability of *human* physicians in curing them, it will not be so much wondered at, that the disease in this case, did not yield to the efforts put forth apparently for its cure. As the angels are but *little higher* than mortals, and as the spirits of the Just are angels, it will be understood, that they are not necessarily possessed of *all power ;* and, therefore, while

they are able to do much for the relief of human suffering, — and increasingly more, as the work progresses, they may not, at the same time, be able to do all they, or we might desire; or, that some might be disposed to *demand* at their hands, on the supposition that they do anything at all.

During the last summer, Mr. Spear, being in Salem, one day, on some beneficent spirit errand, a spirit, purporting to be Swedenborg, said to him that his services were wanted in Georgetown, and that he must go there that night. He went accordingly, not knowing *why* he was sent. Having arrived there, Benjamin Franklin professed to communicate, and said that he must *then* go and see a poor woman who had lately been struck with lightning. As Mr. Spear was very tired, he queried of the spirit, whether the morrow would not do as well? Franklin told him it would answer, but it would be better to go then. He therefore started and walked about a mile and a half, before he found the place. But what was most remarkable, at this stage of the matter was, that before he had gone far, he found his *great weariness was passing away*. To use his own language, it seemed to him as though there were *springs in his heels*, lifting him easily and gently forward, and helping him on his way. He soon came where he was directed to go, and found the person whom the lightning had injured, but did not tell how he came by his knowledge of her case, lest he might cause unnecessary excitement, and perhaps alarm. He simply remarked that he had heard of her misfortune, that he sometimes helped people who were suffering,

and that if she had no objection, he might, perhaps, afford her some relief. She cordially invited him to be seated, when, placing the palm of his hand opposite that of hers — or rather, allowing it to be so placed by an invisible power, she soon drew a long breath, remarking to her husband that she *could breathe much easier*. She was very soon relieved of her difficulty, which seemed to be an affection of the diaphragm, through the influence of the lightning. But, in this case, Mr. Spear *took the pain himself*, which was very severe indeed, for about two hours, when it passed away entirely.

The reader will no doubt agree with me (granting this affair to be *spiritual*) that Franklin was engaged in a very appropriate work, when he made use of our philanthropic brother, to take the *lightning* from its lodgings, and give it again to nature, as he did. He certainly had not forgotten the kite and string and key, by which he brought the subtle fluid down from heaven of yore; and probably knows full as much about that agent now, as any ultra mundane spirit; or, even (begging pardon of my brethren *here below*,) of the most scientific mundanes themselves.

Many other cases of cure, of an incidental, rather than of a very prominently marked character, have been accomplished through Mr. Spear, during the last season. It is, at present, a somewhat every-day affair, for him to greatly relieve, if not wholly cure, those who come to him, and those to whom he is sent. This healing power, however, so far as my observation extends, generally works better, when he is *sent*, than

when people come to him, unless they, too, are sent by superior direction, which is oftentimes the case. There are many instances, notwithstanding, where cures have been effected, when, by ordinary volition and arrangement, the sick and afflicted have been greatly helped, and, in some instances, radically cured of aggravated complaints. The following, given in the patient's own words, is one of this character. Having requested a statement of his case from his own pen, he addresses me as follows:

"MR. S. C. HEWITT.

"DEAR SIR: — On the last of May, or first of June, 1852, after having exhausted my system, my vocal organs in particular, by nearly six months' daily public, evening lecturing, often in heated rooms, and by consequent exposure to the night air, I took a severe cold, which settled on my lungs. The bronchial tubes became very much inflamed, which caused almost unremitting expectoration, night and day. In this state I remained nearly two weeks, when I found my strength very much reduced, and rapidly failing. My friends began to think that my case was becoming rather critical; and 'the doctor' seemed willing to advise any course, except to try the effect of his own drugs. I concluded, however, to go to Northampton, to a Water Cure Establishment, and, accordingly, provided myself with blankets, sheets, napkins, etc., and started. Being obliged to stop in Boston over night, on my way, I called on my friend, John M. Spear; and, while we were talking together in his study, in the evening, his hand was moved by some invisible power, independent, apparently, of his own will, and taking the pen, wrote that 'the *spirits* could help me.' This communication came unsolicited, and, so far as I was concerned, unthought of. I am sure I felt, at the time, a great disinclination to be subjected to the delay necessary to test the power of the 'spirits;'

but, finally, at the solicitation of brother Spear, consented to stop one day, and see what it might bring forth. I did so, and several times during the day, brother Spear's hands were used in performing various manipulations upon my body. Passes were made in the region of the left lobe of my lungs, the part most affected, and the back of my right hand and fingers most painfully rubbed and twisted. Of course, I could not understand the *rationale* of these strange operations. But, I found myself much relieved at the end of the first day; and, as a prudent man, was content to stay as long as I improved, — *Spirit*opathy, to say the least, being *far less expensive* than *Hy*dropathy. These, and similar operations, were repeated for seven days, when I found myself quite rid of my lung difficulty. The eighth day the manipulations were discontinued, and I returned to my home.

"A. J. GROVER.

"*East Abington*, August 4, 1852."

Calling one day, with the Rev. Mr. W., to see some remarkable pictures and diagrams, which Mr. Spear's hand had been drawing, I gave them an introduction to each other, when they became seated by each other's side, and soon entered into conversation concerning these remarkable phenomena. They had conversed but a few moments, when the right hand of Mr. Spear began to rise very slowly, the forefinger soon became rigidly extended, and, finally, rested against the side of the head, in the region of the temple, where it remained pressing somewhat hard, for several minutes. The question was asked, during this operation, — "What name do the Phrenologists give to that part of the brain on which the finger is placed?" And the reply was, "Ideality." Mr. W. then said, "That is the leading element of my mind, — the love of the *ideal*, and the

beautiful." And this remark led those present to suppose that some spirit present, by placing the finger on that spot, meant to say to them that such was the fact. But soon the finger was removed, and then Mr. W. remarked, that when he came in and sat himself on the sofa, he had a *severe pain* on both sides of his head, in the place, precisely, where friend Spear's finger rested. "And how does your head feel now?" was the question put to him. "The pain is all gone," was his reply. And so it was, — but where? — *Friend Spear had taken the pain himself*, and complained, for some minutes, of feeling it severely in his hand and arm, and then it passed away.

Mr. W. and Mr. Spear had never met before; nothing had been said of pain in the head or anywhere else, by Mr. W., either to myself, Mr. Spear or any one besides, and yet the hand rose to the head, and rested *where the pain was*, and the demon was soon cast out. And it is a fact to be noted here, that friend Spear's hand went to Mr. W.'s *head*, contrary to his own thought. He expected, when he saw it rising, that it was about to take Mr. W. *by the hand*, but found it rising upward, of its own accord, and he let it go where it would. The result has been seen; and, though that *might* have been done by Mesmerism, possibly, yet we have not been accustomed to see so much *intelligence* displayed, in the old Mesmeric way. And, besides, the operator, in Mesmerism, is always *active* instead of *passive*, in the exercise of his will, which is a fact, exactly opposite to the case of Mr. Spear.

DRAWINGS.

Like much the largest part of the human race, Mr. Spear never had any taste for drawing; and yet, nearly five months ago, he was suddenly seized with that passion; or, rather, his *hand* was, — for, the drawing operation, with him, like his writing, seems to be an *independent* movement of the hand, — *not* an inspiration of the mind, and through that, moving the hand, as is sometimes the case.

This phenomenon began with drawing a diagram of the hand, and writing mottoes on its various parts. Subsequently, the sole of the foot was marked out; and then a side view of the foot and leg, up to the knee. After these, all other parts of the body were given, except the back, arm, and the corresponding part of the leg. Then, on the various parts of these diagrams, beautiful, appropriate, and significant mottoes were written, — each one being eminently appropriate to the place where it was put, and corresponding, in significance, to its location on the body. To illustrate: "Open thine hand to the poor," was written in the *palm* of the hand. "The lame shall walk," was put upon the *leg* and *foot*. "Thy whole body shall be full of light, and wisdom shall guide it," was marked on the *body*. "Every knee shall bow," was placed just below the *knee*. On one *shoulder* was written, "Bear ye one another's burdens;" and on the other, "And thus fulfil the Law of Love." "My yoke is easy," was inscribed on the *neck;* while, "Raise up the fallen," was written on the *arm*. And last, between the toes and

the foot, where there is a projection of the part downward, and where we make the principal pressure, when we walk, the words, — "*press onward*," are included in a space which represents this projecting process.

The explanation of these things, as given by the spirits, was, that the truth, embodied in those mottoes, should be written on Mr. Spear's *mind*, as he saw them on the *body;* so that when, in his new field of labor, from discouraging circumstances, he might feel disposed to relax his efforts, or turn away from the truth, he should be warned, encouraged, and strengthened, by their teaching, and its heavenly influence. That, certainly, was not a bad idea, whether its origin were merely human, or, otherwise, angelic, as the profession, in the case, will have it, and as many think it is.

A brief time subsequently to the draft of the body, above described, Mr. Spear found himself drawing very singular, and sometimes, beautiful diagrams of things which he, and no one else on earth, so far as I am aware, ever saw, or heard of, before. Some sixteen of these pictures were executed, at intervals, in the course of a few weeks. What is the specific meaning of them, or what they represent, no one can tell. All the explanation vouchsafed by the spirits, at present, is, that they show that the spirit has *power* after it leaves the body. Whether a more special explanation will yet be given, remains to be seen. But, whether it comes, or not, one thing is clear, and that is, the drawings are made by the involuntary movement of the hand of one who never drew the first thing in his life, till this

strange power took possession of him, and moved him to the work.

While the drawings were in process, at intervals, several very marked and seemingly important communications were written, giving instructions, usually in very general terms, concerning the new works in which Mr. Spear was fast engaging. These documents generally had the names of several persons, of more or less note, annexed to them, who once lived on earth. On one occasion, inquiry was made of the spirits, concerning the arrangement among themselves in giving these communications; when one of them, professing to be Franklin, said, that he was chairman of a committee of four, appointed by spiritual constituents, to confer with Mr. Spear, relative to his new mission; and that *he* wrote the communications. "But, if you are *chairman*," said the querist, "why do you sign your name *last?*" — which was invariably the fact, in the documents of which I am now treating. The reply which was given to this question was worthy of a Franklin, and of a superior state of life: "With us," said he, "many things are the exact *reverse* of what they were on earth. With *men*, the chairman always signs his name *first;* but with *angels*, *last!*" The reason plainly is, the order and the spirit of that world naturally incline those esteemed by others the most capable, in a given work, to take the *lowest place*, — the best and surest sign of a meek and humble spirit. "The first shall be last, and the last, first."

The last communication of the kind, specified above, was given a short time ago, and ten spirits signed their

names to it, each in a *different handwriting*. Among the names appended to this document were those of Benjamin Rush, Roger Sherman, John Howard, John Murray, Thomas Jefferson, Benjamin Franklin, and other persons of note, who once lived in this mortal state. Subsequently, Mr. Spear was informed that the original committee of four had been enlarged to ten, that some one of them might be always near him, for the purpose of giving him the requisite aid, as his labors should multiply, and his duties become more arduous. These things show the *organic* nature of this new spiritual movement, on the part of the spiritual world. The facts demonstrate, most fully, that, if there be any truth at all in the spiritual theory, the angels are acting *in concert*, for the redemption of the human race; that they are bringing their *collective* intelligence to bear upon the welfare of man.

PUBLIC SPEAKING.

Early in Mr. Spear's spiritual experience, a peculiar speaking inspiration came upon him, and through that he delivered several discourses to as many congregations. The first of these was given in the town of Essex, Mass., some twenty-five miles north-east of Boston, on the first Sunday of April last. The second was delivered at Portsmouth, N. H., on the Fourth of July. Since that, he has been the instrument of the same kind of influence, in giving discourses at Hopedale, Milford, Mass., and at Milford, N. H.; and, subsequently, he has delivered several in the city of Boston, at private circles, and conferences.

To give the reader some little idea of the method by which these discourses come, and of the power which operates in their production, I will very briefly detail what I saw and heard of one of them, which was delivered at Hopedale, on the Monday afternoon, next succeeding the last Sunday in August, of the present year. The two previous days had witnessed large gatherings at the chapel of the Hopedale community, on the occasion of one of their regular quarterly conferences, at which, both Mr. Spear and the writer were present, and in which they participated. The day after this meeting was a very stormy day, and many of the people from abroad, remained till the following Tuesday. It was in the afternoon of Monday, that about twenty-five or thirty persons were assembled at the house of a friend, for the purpose of witnessing some peculiar and striking exhibitions of spirit-power, when, these manifestations being concluded, Mr. Spear rose from his chair, with a skeleton manuscript in his hand, from which he began giving a discourse to the circle present. The text was, "*Love one another!*" and from this he spoke with great power and eloquence for about twenty minutes. During the whole of this time his face was of an ashy paleness; his eyes, a part of the time, were shut, and the remainder they were open as usual, with the exception of a very brilliant and piercing look. Those who know Mr. Spear, know full well that his manner of speech is always calm and moderate, in his ordinary or normal state; and many such, it is thought, will not be surprised that those of us who heard and saw him speak on this occasion, should conclude that some extraordinary

influence operated in his case, to produce what we witnessed.

When the medium took his seat, a glowing freshness came into his face, and Mr. Spear was himself again. He then circulated the bit of paper on which the leading ideas of the discourse were sketched, and remarked, that the friends present would doubtless need some explanation of what they had just witnessed. He then went on to say, that about three weeks before, as he was travelling near the borders of Canada, sitting one evening in the house of a friend, his hand was moved in the usual mysterious way, took the pen and wrote as follows: "A discourse to be delivered at Hopedale, on the occasion of their next Quarterly Conference, by A. A. Ballou." The hand then went on, writing down the text previously quoted; together with many reasons why the people present should "love one another;" all of which we severally read on the manuscript, as it was handed round among the company. Mr. Spear then remarked, that he had been expecting this discourse would be delivered at one of the *public* meetings of the two days previous, but felt no power moving him to that work, till the time herein specified, when it came irresistibly upon him, and gave the result which has here been described. Such is a plain statement of a matter of fact, with no embellishment from the imagination.

Some three months ago, while Mr. Spear was engaged in drawing, John Murray introduced himself in a very marked and prominent way, through Mrs. Butler, Mr. Spear's daughter; and informed him that the drawings would, thereafter, cease, and that he would give him a

lengthy communication.* Since that time his hand has not been moved for the execution of any more pictures. Very soon after the above interview, the following brief word was written by Mr. Spear's hand, in the usual way: — "I will teach thee to-day, at three o'clock. Have a reporter present, that the words I speak may be carefully recorded. JOHN MURRAY."

At the appointed time, in company with several friends, Mr. Spear became seated in his chamber, a phonographic reporter having been engaged to record what might be said. In a short time after, the speaking began, in a very slow and measured way, — seemingly so for the purpose of giving the reporter ample time to record the words accurately, which might be spoken. The message delivered on this occasion was the beginning of the twelve which are published in this volume; the leading ideas of which lay the foundation for all that is said in those which follow, and which were delivered in the same manner, at intervals of a day or so, till the whole series was accomplished.

Murray has just finished a series of SERMONS, through the same medium, which are exceedingly interesting, and of a highly important character. They will probably be given to the world, in some form, before many months shall elapse; and will be found to contain an earnest and useful word for the GREAT AWAKENING, YET TO BE.

* The idea here intended has since been understood to mean the "Messages," which form the staple of this book.

A BRIEF SKETCH OF THE MORTAL LIFE

OF

JOHN MURRAY.*

BIRTH AND BAPTISM.

THE AUTHOR of the following MESSAGES had his mortal birth in the town of Alton, in Hampshire, Great Britain, on the 10th day of December, 1741. He was the first born of deeply religious parents; who, in addition to much that was excellent in piety and humanity, were not a little bigoted in their religious notions, and rigid in the early application of their principles to the mind and heart of their offspring. Young Murray was baptized by an Episcopalian priest, when rather less than two years old — his father being of that persuasion, though his mother was a Presbyterian. And when the minister had just finished the last words of the prayer on the occasion, the infant boy is said to have audibly and distinctly responded, AMEN. The congregation were very much astonished at this, and his parents were repeatedly heard to say, that this was the

* As many persons will doubtless read this book, who may be unacquainted with the life of him who professes to give these "Messages," this "Sketch" is given for their benefit — not so much for those who are already familiar with his Biography. The latter is one of the most interesting works in its line, that we ever read. It will richly repay the purchase and perusal. See note, page 50.

first word he ever uttered; and that it was a long time before he distinctly articulated any other.

EARLY RELIGIOUS CULTURE.

From the following,* the reader will gather some idea of the *kind* of religious instruction which the anxious parents of John, were unremitting in impressing on his youthful mind, and tender heart, as he grew older:

"It is wonderful, that while it was the great business, both of my father and mother, to render their children feelingly solicitous to secure an interest in the Redeemer, that they might be thus entitled to a blessed and happy futurity, they were both of them very rigid Calvinists.

"The doctrines, taught by that gloomy Reformer, they undeviatingly taught to their family; and hence my soul frequently experienced the extreme of agony. Naturally vivacious, to implant religion among my juvenile pleasures, required the most vigorous and uniform effort. Religion was not a native of the soil, it was an exotic, which, when planted, could only be kept alive by the most persevering attention. Hence Religion became a subject of terror. I was not ten years old when I began to suffer; the discovery of my sufferings gave my fond father much pleasure; he cherished hope

* The extracts which this "sketch" contains, are taken from the LIFE OF MURRAY, mostly written by himself. For a full and very interesting account of John Murray, the reader is referred to an edition of his Life, with an Appendix, published in 1851, by Abel Tompkins, 38 [illegible] 40 [illegible] ton.

of me when he found me suffering from my fears, and much indeed was I tortured by the severe unbending discipline of my father, and the terrifying apprehensions of what I had to expect from the God who created me. The second son of my parents was naturally of a pensive, gloomy disposition. He was more piously disposed, and less fond of amusement than myself; and hearing much of Cain as the eldest son of Adam, of Esau as the eldest son of Isaac, and of Abel and Jacob as the younger sons, my soul was frequently filled with terror, verily believing my brother was the elected, and myself the rejected of God. This appalling consideration, even at this early period, frequently devoted my days and nights to tears and lamentation. But stability dwelt not with me, and the pleasing expectations of my father were often blasted; my attachment to my playmates, and their childish gambols, revived, and when engaged in appropriate amusements, I often forgot the immediate terror of the rod, and of future misery; both of which, as often as I reflected, I painfully believed I should endure. My father took every method to confine me within his walls: it was with difficulty he prevailed upon himself to permit my attendance at school, yet this was necessary, and to school I must go; while that rigid and extreme vigilance, which was ever upon the alert, produced effects diametrically opposite to the end proposed. My appetite for pleasure increased, and I occasionally preferred the truant frolic, to the stated seasons of study, yea, though I was certain severe castigation would be the consequence. Pious supplications were the accompani-

ments of the chastisements which were inflicted, so that I often passed from the terror of the rod, to the terrifying apprehensions of future and never-ending misery. Upon these terrific occasions, the most solemn resolutions were formed, and my vows were marked by floods of tears. I would no more offend either my father, or *his* God; I dared not to say *my* God, for I had heard my father declare, that for any individual, *not* the elect of God, to say *of* God, or *to* God, 'OUR FATHER,' was nothing better than blasphemy: when most devout, I was prevented from deriving consolation from my pious breathings, by a persuasion that I was a reprobate, predestined to eternal perdition. In fact, I believed that I had nothing to hope, but everything to fear, both from my Creator, and my father; and these soul-appalling considerations, by enforcing a conclusion, that I was but making provision for alternate torture, threw a cloud over every innocent enjoyment.

"It was my father's constant practice, so long as his health would permit, to quit his bed, winter as well as summer, at four o'clock in the morning; a large portion of this time, thus redeemed from sleep, was devoted to private prayers and meditations. At six o'clock the family were summoned, and I, as the eldest son, was ordered into my closet, for the purpose of private devotion. My father, however, did not go with me, and I did not always pray. I was not always in a praying frame; but the deceit, which I was thus reduced to the necessity of practising, was an additional torture to my laboring mind. After the family were collected, it was my part to read a chapter in the Bible;

then followed a long and fervent prayer by my father; breakfast succeeded, when the children being sent to school, the business of the day commenced. In the course of the day, my father, as I believe, never omitted his private devotions, and, in the evening, the whole family were again collected, the children examined, our faults recorded, and I, as an example to the rest, especially chastised. My father rarely passed by an offence, without marking it by such punishment as his sense of duty awarded; and when my tearful mother interceded for me, he would respond to her entreaties in the language of Solomon, '*if thou beat him with a rod, he shall not die;*' the Bible was again introduced, and the day was closed by prayer. Sunday was a day much to be dreaded in our family; we were all awakened at early dawn, private devotions attended, breakfast hastily dismissed, shutters closed, no light but from the back part of the house, no noise could bring any part of the family to the window, not a syllable was uttered upon secular affairs; every one who could read, children and domestics, had their allotted chapters. Family prayer succeeded: after which, Baxter's Saint's Everlasting Rest was assigned to me; my mother all the time in terror lest the children should be an interruption. At last the bell summoned us to church, whither in solemn order we proceeded: I close to my father, who admonished me to look straight forward, and not let my eyes wander after vanity. At church, I was fixed at his elbow, compelled to kneel when he kneeled, to stand when he stood, to find the Psalm, Epistle, Gospel and collects for the day; and any

instance of inattention was vigilantly marked, and unrelentingly punished. When I returned from church, I was ordered to my closet; and when I came forth, the chapter from which the preacher had taken his text, was read, and I was then questioned respecting the sermon, a part of which I could generally repeat. Dinner, as breakfast, was taken in silent haste, after which we were not suffered to walk, even in the garden, but every one must either read, or hear reading, until the bell gave the signal for afternoon service, from which we returned to private devotion, to reading, to catechising, to examination, and long family prayer, which closed the most laborious day of the week.

"It was the custom for many of our visiting friends to unite with us in these evening exercises, to the no small gratification of my father; it is true, especially after he became an invalid, he was often extremely fatigued, but, upon these occasions, the more he suffered, the more he rejoiced, since his reward would be the greater, and indeed his sufferings, of every description, were to him a never-failing source of consolation. In fact, this devotional life became to him second nature, but it was not so to his family. For myself, I was alternately serious, and wild, but never very moderate in anything. My father rejoiced in my devotional frames, and was encouraged to proceed, as occasion was given, in the good work of whipping, admonishing, and praying. I continued to repeat my pious resolutions, and, still more to bind my soul, I once vowed a vow unto the Lord, — kissing the book for the purpose of adding to its solemnity, — that I would no more visit the pleas-

ure-grounds, nor again associate with those boys, who had been my companions.

"Almost immediately after this transaction I attended a thundering preacher, who, taking for his text that command of our Saviour, which directs his disciples to '*swear not at all*,' gave me to believe I had committed a most heinous transgression, in the oath that I had taken; nay, he went so far as to assure his hearers, that to say, '*upon my word*,' was an oath, a very horrid oath, since it was tantamount to swearing by Jesus Christ, inasmuch as he was the Word, who was made flesh for us, and dwelt among us. This sermon rendered me for a long season truly wretched, while I had no individual to whom I could confide my distresses. To my father I dared not even name my secret afflictions; and my mother, as far as the tenderness of her nature would permit, was in strict unison with her venerated husband. The depression of my spirits upon this occasion, was great and enduring; but for revolving months, I continued what they called a good boy; I was attentive to my book, carefully following the directions that were given me, and on my return from school, instead of squandering the hours of intermission with idle associates, I immediately retired to the garden, which constituted one of the first pleasures of my life; in fact, the cultivation of fruits and flowers has, in every period of my existence, continued to me a prime source of enjoyment. My paternal grandmother was the Lady Bountiful of the parish; having made it her study, she became an adept in the distillation of simples; she had a large garden adjoining to my father's, and she cultivated an amazing

variety of plants. As I was her favorite assistant, she gradually obtained my father's permission, that I should appropriate to her a large part of my time; and the hours which I consequently devoted to this venerable lady, in her garden, and in her habitation, were to me halcyon hours. It was my study to enrich her grounds with every choice herb or flower, which met my gaze, and I was ever on the alert to collect plants of the most rare description. This was confessedly an innocent amusement; it would bear reflection, and was therefore delightful."

Through this rigid discipline of his father, John Murray grew up a pious and devoted youth (according to the piety and devotion of those times, and of some times since), and thereby laid the foundation of a singularly strong and varied experience, between the two extremes of human nature: the life of the senses and of social passion, on the one side, and of religious ecstasy, on the other. There never was a nature more *fervid* than his; and this was true, too, whether in the field of religious devotion, or in that of social intercourse and enjoyment. With a disposition so susceptible, and, in some essential respects, so wrongly trained; with a heart, by nature, eminently capable of the noblest religious impulses, and a mind of keen discernment, it is not wonderful that his *earlier* life, especially, should have been subject to those stormy vicissitudes, which so strongly mark his experience, till the age of maturity measurably arrives. Previously to this period, John Murray is alternately religious, and the reverse of that. While under his father's roof, and subject to the *restraints* of home, and of rigid piety, his social nature,

and his love of pleasure yield to their overpowering influence. But when abroad, in the society of frivolity, the lovers of pleasure gain the ascendency over his too susceptible passions, and he loses sight, for the time, of religion. Thus, he goes to excesses of various kinds, alternately, like the pendulum, vibrating between the two extremes of a rigid and gloomy piety, and the love of pleasure. How much of this result was attributable to that particular phase of religion which he *inherited*, and which, therefore, was not *spontaneous* with him, I leave to the reader's judgment. But it is proper here to say, that whatever excesses young Murray was guilty of in the way of pleasure, merely, they were those alone of mirth and extremes of social hilarity, rather than those of a more vicious, or decidedly immoral character. Whatever there might have been wrong in him, his nature was too noble to descend to those rank abuses, which so often sink the man below the brute; and from *such* abuses, the good hand of that Providence, which, in after life, he always so lovingly and intelligently recognized, continually preserved him.

ENLARGEMENT OF FAITH.

Till the arrival of a somewhat maturer age, the subject of this sketch, continued in the religion of his father, and cherished, more or less, the sentiments generally esteemed orthodox. But now, a crisis of opinion comes, and Murray has his faith enlarged. He had been a great admirer of Whitefield, and had entered strongly into the sentiments, and imbibed somewhat, the zeal of that great man. But in all this experience,

though the *activity* of the religious nature, was, in a great degree, promoted for the time, yet he still entertained the same contracted view of God and destiny, which was taught him by his father, which then, as now, formed the staple of the creed. Circumstances (as we call them), at this time, having thrown him in the way of a lady, who held the doctrine of the final redemption of the Human Race, he held a conversation with her on this subject, and found, to his chagrin, that he was beaten. A short time after this a reply, in manuscript, to Relly's Union, a work which advocated the final Restoration of all men to happiness, was put into his hands, by an enemy of that faith of the name of Mason. The object of Mr. Mason was to get the opinion of Murray concerning his production, which, he had no doubt, would be in his own favor. But Murray, at a certain point, finding the argument exceedingly weak, and having the frankness to tell the author that, he thereby so excited the indignation of the latter, as to cause a revulsion in his own feelings, which led him finally, with much interest, to give a more candid and thorough review to the subject; and the result was, faith in the doctrines of Relly, and of the Word of God. So great was the discovery he thus made for himself, that the whole current of his life was changed. The saddening gloom of a false theology, no longer "ate, as doth a canker," at the very centre of all his enjoyment. God became, to him, the Father of all, and the whole human race were brothers. No yawning gulf of never-ending agony, stood longer ready for its prey. But bright and beautiful, above all human ill, shone the

sun of perfect love for all the children of God's creation, and that sun, as he believed, would finally warm all hearts, enlighten all minds, and draw all souls to heaven in perfect righteousness, and in perfect bliss.

John Murray now became an attendant on the preaching of Mr. Relly, in the city of London. They soon became acquainted with each other, and Mr. Relly proposed that his friend should become a preacher of the "Glad Tidings" into whose joyful spirit he had but recently been born. Mr. Murray, however, turned a deaf ear to his importunities, feeling his entire inability and unworthiness to engage in such a work. Mr. Relly then asked him if he could say, in truth, that he had never preached? He could not deny that he had been a preacher, for he had spoken many times, to very excellent acceptance in the pulpits of his former brethren. He felt, however, that he had been proclaiming error; and now, so great appeared to him the difference between his present and his former faith, that he was almost overwhelmed with the idea of even *attempting* the proclamation of a theme so vast, and a sentiment that told him more of his own heart, than he had ever dreamed of before. And he was resolute in his determination against the entreaties of Mr. Relly.

LEAVES HIS NATIVE LAND.

Happening about this time, to fall in company with a gentleman from America, Murray was captivated with his description of our scenery, with the character of our inhabitants, with our personal liberty, and with the peace and plenty which we enjoyed. He soon determined on

secluding himself in the wilds of the New World, and was not long in making arrangements to that end. But this determination was a very great trial to him, for he dearly loved the scenes of his early life; and, to leave them was like tearing out his heart-strings, and crushing the cherished loves of his more youthful experience. He had buried the sacred remains of his companion and his child, and to leave these in the far distance, while he sought a home in the wilderness of a new and untried country, seemed almost a sacrilege, in the last moments of his stay in his native land. The following is his own description of the last parting scene; and represents, not only the strength of his attachments, but also the depth and beauty of that religious nature, with which the Divine Father of all, had so richly endowed him, and which his late experience and growth of faith, had so highly exalted. After describing his last conference with his mother, he remarks:

"I left my mother in an agony of affliction, and retired, but not to rest. My baggage had been sent on board the ship in the morning, and, accompanied by my brother, we took a boat and passed down to Graves-End, where I entered on board the vessel, that was to convey me to America, which in my judgment then, was tantamount to quitting the world.

"The vessel, however, did not sail immediately; I had an opportunity of going on shore again, and spending some time at Graves-End. Fond of being alone, I ascended a lofty eminence, and sat me down under the shade of a wide-spreading tree; here I had leisure and inclination for reflection. On one hand I beheld the

wide ocean, my path to the New World; on the other, the Thames, upon the surface of which many were passing to London. My mind rapidly run over the various scenes I had witnessed, since my arrival in that great city. I dwelt upon the good I had lost, never more to be recovered. My soul sickened at the recollection of my heavy bereavement, of the solitary situation to which I was reduced. I was going from a world in which I had some associates, and some friends, into a country where every individual was unknown to me! I was going on board a vessel, to the crew of which I was an utter stranger,—all gloomy, truly gloomy. One idea, however, continued my *abiding* consolation; I might soon finish my course, and bid an eternal adieu to sorrow of every description. Yet I trembled at what was before me; I was fearful I was wrong.

"Just at this period, the wind shifted, the signal was made for sailing; but before I descended the eminence, I once more threw my eyes upon the surrounding scenes. I felt destitute, and forlorn; tears gushed into my eyes. My domestic felicity, my social connections, the pleasure I had derived from listening to the testimony of truth, these all rushed upon my recollection, with subduing power; I prostrated myself upon the ground, with streaming eyes, exclaiming: O, thou dear parent earth, thou much-loved native soil, why not open, and give me a quiet resting-place in thy bosom. O! thou dear departed friend of my soul, hast thou no power to loose these chains that bind me to this state of being? Is there no eye to pity, no hand to help a wretched outcast? Can I not be indulged with death? But death

comes not at call. In this situation I continued bedewing the earth with my tears, until it pleased the kind God to speak peace to my tortured heart, and I seemed to hear a voice calling unto me, *Be of good cheer, your God is with you, He will never leave you, nor forsake you; He is in the wide waste, as in the full city. Be not afraid, when thou passest through the waters; I will be with thee, fear no evil; the friend of sinners will be with thee, and make thy way plain before thee; He will cause the desert to blossom as the rose. The young lions cry, and thy Heavenly Father feedeth them. Thou art nearer and dearer to thy Heavenly Father, than all the inhabitants of the deep, than all the tenants of the forest.* Thus did the spirit of grace and consolation comfort my afflicted heart, so that after bidding an affectionate adieu to the scenes of the morning and meridian of my days; after taking what I believed an eternal leave of my native soil, of my friends, and relatives; after dropping many tears to the memory of each; and, last of all to the ashes of my dear self; with an aching head, a pained heart, and eyes swelled by weeping, on Saturday evening, July twenty-first, in the year of our Lord one thousand seven hundred and seventy, I hastened on board the brig 'Hand in Hand;' and, upon the ensuing morning, as we passed round Beachy Head, I beheld the white cliffs of Albion. No language can describe my sensations, as those white cliffs receded from my view, as I took a last look of England! I retired to my cabin, covered my face, and wept until I was completely exhausted. But God was pleased to lift up the light of his countenance upon me; my voyage passed

more pleasantly, than I had calculated, and I was the happy instrument of contributing to the comfort of many on board. I was not sick upon the passage; I became more than reconciled to my circumstances, and I almost dreaded the thought of reaching my destined port."

ARRIVAL IN AMERICA, AND MEETING WITH POTTER. EXTRAORDINARY INSTANCE OF DIVINE GUIDANCE. BECOMES A PROMULGATOR OF GLAD TIDINGS.

It was in the month of September following his embarkation that Murray first landed on these shores. He was exceedingly charmed with all he saw, and blessed the good hand of that God, who had brought him safely across the mighty deep.

It was on the banks of the Delaware that Murray first set foot on American soil; but this place, it seems, was not the destination of the vessel. And as the circumstances at this point have direct relation to one of the most interesting and important events of Murray's Life, we will let him tell his own story again:

"When we reached Philadelphia, I was amazed to behold a city of such magnitude, in a country, which I had considered as a wilderness. The captain supposed it a disappointment to me, that we had not put into New York, as that was the place of my destination; I requested him to make himself easy, as it was a matter of perfect indifference to me upon what part of the country I landed; and, if he could procure me a *private* lodging, I would go on shore in this city. This he told me he would do, but this he could not do, at least in the circle of his connections. He then proposed my going

by land to New York. This also I was willing to do, if he would let me know how. He would send and take me a place in the stage. The stage had been gone some time. He then proposed I should tarry in the vessel, and set out with him the next morning for New York, to which arrangement I agreed. The other passengers left us in Philadelphia. The water was smooth, and our passage pleasant, until we were, as was supposed, near Sandy Hook; a dense fog then arose, which was sufficiently thick to prevent our seeing the end of our bowsprit. A sloop shot past us, and we inquired how far we were from Sandy Hook. The answer was *seventy* miles but we understood *seven*, and we pressed on, and in a few moments were in the midst of the breakers; the vessel struck upon the bar, but passed over, into a place we afterwards learned was called Cranberry Inlet. The fog now dispersed, and we discovered we were nearly on shore; our anchors, however, saved us; but we were greatly alarmed, and never expected to get off again. The sloop with which we had spoken, entered this inlet before us, and was light. The captain proposed to engage this sloop to receive on board as much of our cargo as she could contain; thus by lightening his vessel, to give himself the only probable chance of getting off. This was effectuated, and night coming on, the captain, with many apologies, requested me to lodge on board the sloop, inasmuch as there were many valuable articles, which he was afraid to trust, without a confidential person. To this I readily consented, and taking my Bible, and my purse, I went on board the sloop. The plan of the captain was, supposing the morning should present

no prospect of getting off, to deposit the remainder of his cargo upon the beach; but if they should get off, we were immediately to follow; the goods were to be replaced and the sloop dismissed. I went not to bed, and when the morning dawned, just at high water, the wind blowing from the shore, they got off, making a signal for us to follow; and with all possible despatch we prepared to obey, but the wind instantly shifting drove us back, and they proceeded on to New York, leaving us in the bay.

"It proved upon examination, we had no provisions on board; we were, therefore, necessitated to lock up the vessel, and go on shore in search of sustenance. It was the after part of the day before we could effectuate our purpose, when I went with the boatmen to a tavern, and leaving them there, pursued a solitary walk through the woods, which seemed to surround this place. My mind was greatly agitated; I was now in the New World; and in just such a part of this New World, as had appeared so desirable in prospect. Here I was as much alone, as I could wish, and my heart exclaimed: '*O, that I had in this wilderness, the lodging-place of a poor way-faring man; some cave, some grot, some place where I might finish my days in calm repose.*' As thus I passed along, thus contemplating, thus supplicating; I unexpectedly reached a small log-house, and saw a girl cleaning a fresh fish; I requested she would sell it to me. 'No sir, you will find a very great plenty at the next house; we want this.' 'The next house, what this?' pointing to one in the woods. 'O no, sir, that is a meeting-house.' 'A meeting-house here in

these woods?' I was exceedingly surprised. 'You must pass the meeting-house, sir; and a little way further on, you will see the other house, where you will find fish enough.' I went forward, I came to the door; there was indeed a large pile of fish of various sorts, and at a little distance stood a tall man, rough in appearance and evidently advanced in years: 'Pray, sir, will you have the goodness to sell me one of those fish?' 'No, sir.' 'That is strange, when you have so many, to refuse me a single fish!' 'I did not refuse you a fish, sir; you are welcome to as many as you please, but I do not sell this article; I do not sell fish, sir; I have them for taking up, and you may obtain them the same way.' I thanked him: 'But,' said he, 'what do you want of those fish?' I informed him that the mariners, who belonged to the sloop at a distance, were at a tavern, and would be glad, if I could procure them something for supper. 'Well, sir, I will send my man over with the fish; but you can tarry here, and have some dressed for yourself.' 'No, sir, it is proper I should see how they are accommodated.' 'Well, sir, you shall do as you please; but, after supper, I beg you would return, and take a bed with us, you will be better pleased here, than at a tavern.' I gratefully thanked him, and cheerfully accepted his offer. I was astonished to see so much genuine politeness and urbanity, under so rough a form; but my astonishment was greatly increased on my return. His room was prepared, his fire bright, and his heart open. 'Come,' said he, 'my friend, I am glad you have returned, I have longed to see you, I have been expecting you a long time.' I was perfectly

amazed. — 'What do you mean, sir?' 'I must go on in my own way, I am a poor ignorant man, I neither know how to read, nor write; I was born in these woods, and my father did not think proper to teach me my letters. I worked on these grounds, until I became a man, when I went coasting voyages from hence to New York. I was then desirous of becoming a husband, but, in going to New York, I was pressed on board a man-of-war, and I was taken, in Admiral Warren's ship, to Cape Breton. I never drank any rum, so they saved my allowance; but I would not bear an affront, so if any of the officers struck me, I struck them again; but the admiral took my part, and called me his new-light man. When we reached Louisburg, I ran away, and travelled barefooted through the country, and almost naked, to New York, where I was known, and supplied with clothes and money, and soon returned to this place, when I found my girl married; this rendered me very unhappy, but I recovered my tranquillity and married her sister. I sat down to work; got forward very fast; constructed a saw-mill; possessed myself of this farm, and five hundred acres of adjoining land. I entered into navigation, became the owner of a sloop, and have got together a large estate. I am, as I said, unable either to write or read, but I am capable of reflection; the Sacred Scriptures have been often read to me, from which I gather, that there is a great and good Being, to whom we are indebted for all we enjoy. It is this great and good Being, who hath preserved and protected me, through innumerable dangers, and, as he had given me a house of my own, I conceived I could not do less than to open

it to the stranger, let him be who he would; and especially, if a travelling minister passed this way, he always received an invitation to put up at my house, and hold his meetings here. I continued this practice for more than seven years, and, illiterate as I was, I used to converse with them, and was fond of asking them questions. They pronounced me an odd mortal, declaring themselves at a loss what to make of me; while I continued to affirm, that I had but one hope; I believed that Jesus Christ suffered death for my transgressions, and this alone was sufficient for me. At length my wife grew weary of having meetings held in her house, and I determined to build a house for the worship of God.

"'I had no children, and I knew I was beholden to Almighty God for everything which I possessed; and it seemed right, I should appropriate a part, of what he had bestowed for His service. My neighbors offered their assistance. But no, said I; God has given me enough to do this work, without your aid, and as he has put it into my heart to do, so I will do. And who, it was asked, will be your preacher? I answered, God will send me a preacher, and of a very different stamp from those, who have heretofore preached in my house. The preachers, we have heard, are perpetually contradicting themselves; but that God, who has put it into my heart to build this house, will send one, who shall deliver unto me his own truth; who shall speak of Jesus Christ and his salvation. When the house was finished, I received an application from the Baptists; and I told them, if they could make it appear that God Almighty was a Baptist, the building should be theirs at once. The

Quakers, and Presbyterians, received similar answers. No, said I, as I firmly believe, that all mankind are equally dear to Almighty God, they shall all be equally welcome to preach in this house, which I have built. My neighbors assured me, I never should see a preacher, whose sentiments corresponded with my own; but my uniform reply was, that I assuredly should. I engaged, the first year, with a man, who I greatly disliked; we parted, and for some years we have had no stated minister. My friends often ask me, Where is the preacher, of whom you spake? And my constant reply has been, He will by and by make his appearance. The moment I beheld your vessel on shore, it seemed as if a voice had audibly sounded in my ears: There, Potter, in that vessel, cast away on that shore, is the preacher you have been so long expecting. I heard the voice, and I believed the report; and when you came up to my door, and asked for the fish, the same voice seemed to repeat: Potter, this is the man, and this is the person whom I have sent to preach in your house!'

"I was astonished, immeasurably astonished at Mr. Potter's narrative; but yet I had not the smallest idea it could ever be realized. I requested to know what he could discern in my appearance, which could lead him to mistake me for a preacher? 'What,' said he, 'could I discern, when you were in the vessel, that could induce this conclusion? No, sir, it is not what I *saw*, or *see*, but what I *feel*, which produces in my mind a full conviction.'

"'But, my dear sir, you are deceived, indeed you are

deceived; I never shall preach in this place, nor anywhere else.'

"'Have you never preached? can you say you have never preached?'

"'I cannot, but I never intend to preach again.'

"'Has not God lifted up the light of his countenance upon you? Has he not shown you his truth?'

"'I trust he has.'

"'And how dare you hide his truth? Do men light a candle to put it under a bushel? If God has shown you his salvation, why should you not show it to your fellow-men? But I know that you will, I am sure, God Almighty has sent you to us for this purpose; I am not deceived; I am sure I am not deceived.'

"I was terrified, as the man thus went on; and I began to fear, that God, who orders all things according to the counsel of his own will, had ordained, that thus it should be, and my heart trembled at the idea. I endeavored, however, to banish my own fears, and to silence the warm-hearted man by observing, that I was in the place of a supercargo; that property to a large amount had been intrusted to my care; and that, the moment the wind changed, I was under the most solemn obligations to depart.

"'The wind will never change, sir, until you have delivered to us, in that meeting-house, a message from God.'

"Still I was resolutely determined never to enter any pulpit, as a preacher; yet, being rendered truly unhappy, I begged I might be shown to my bed. He requested I would pray with them, if I had no objection.

I asked him, how he could suppose I had any objection to praying? The Quakers, he said, seldom prayed; and there were others, who visited him, who were not in the habit of praying. I never propose prayer, sir, lest it should not meet with the approbation of those with whom I sojourn; but I am always pleased when prayer is proposed to me.' I prayed, and my heart was greatly enlarged and softened. When we parted for the night, my kind host solemnly requested, that I would think of what he had said. Alas! he need not to have made this request; it was impossible to banish it from my mind. When I entered my chamber, and shut the door, I burst into tears; I would have given the world that I had never left England. I felt, as if the hand of God was in the events, which had brought me to this place, and I prayed most ardently, that God would assist and direct me by his counsel. I presented myself before Him, as a man bowed down by calamity; a melancholy outcast, driven by repeated afflictions of body and of mind to seek refuge in *private* life, to seek solitude amid the wilds of America. 'Thou knowest,' said my oppressed spirit, 'thou knowest, O Lord, that, if it had pleased thee, I would have preferred death, as the safest, and most sure retreat; but thou hast not seen fit to indulge my wishes in this respect. In thy providence, thou hast brought me into this New World; thou seest how I am oppressed by solicitations to speak unto the people the words of life; thou knowest that I am not sufficient for these things; thou God of my fathers, thou God of the stranger, look with pity upon the poor, lonely wanderer now before thee: O thou that sittest

in the heavens, and rulest in the earth, and who assurest us that a hair of our head cannot fall, unnoticed by thee; O thou who kindly directest us, thy poor dependent creatures, to acknowledge thee in all their ways, and to make their requests known unto thee in every time of affliction, behold thy poor dependent, supplicating thee for thy kind direction and protection; if thou hast indeed put it into the heart of thy servant to demand of me, the meanest and weakest of all to whom thou didst ever give power to believe in the name of thy Son, to declare unto him and the people of this place the gospel of thy grace; O God! in mercy prepare me, prepare me for so vast an undertaking, and let thy presence be with me; strengthen me, O Lord, by thy mighty spirit. And if it be not thy pleasure thus to employ me, — for thou, O God, wilt send by whom thou wilt send, — graciously manifest thy will, that so I may not by any means be drawn into a snare. Thou art the sinner's friend, thou art the only friend I have. To thee, O thou compassionate Father of my spirit, encouraged by thy gracious promises, I make application. Pity, O pity the destitute stranger; leave me not, I most earnestly entreat thee, to my own direction.'

"Thus did I pray, thus did I weep through the greater part of the night; dreading more than death, even supposing death an object of dread, the thought of engaging as a public character. On the one hand I discovered, that if there be a ruling power, superintending providence, the account given by the extraordinary man under whose roof I reposed, evinced its operation; that if the heart of the creature be indeed in the hand of the Creator, it

was manifest, that God had disposed the heart of this man to view me as his messenger, sent for the purpose of declaring the counsel of his peace to his creatures. On the other hand, I recollected, that the heart is deceitful above all things; that the devices of the adversary are manifold; and that, had it been the will of God, that I should become a promulgator of his grace, he would have qualified me for an object of such infinite magnitude. If I testified of Jesus according to the Scriptures, I well knew upon what I must calculate; the clergy, of all denominations, would unite to oppose me. For I had never met with any individual of that order, either in the Church of Rome, or elsewhere, who were believers of the Gospel that God preached unto Abraham, that in Christ Jesus all the families of the earth should be blessed; nor did they, as far as I had known, embrace the ministry of reconciliation, committed unto the apostles, namely, that *God was in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself*, not imputing unto them their trespasses; nor did they acknowledge the *restitution of all things, testified by all God's holy prophets ever since the world began.* To these doctrines I supposed clergymen in this, as well as in the country I had left, united in their opposition; and convinced that there were no enemies in the world more powerful than the clergy, I trembled at the thought of stemming the full tide of their displeasure. I was persuaded that people in general, being under the dominion of the clergy, would hate where they hated, and report what they reported. Acquainted in some measure with human nature, and with divine revelation, I was certain

that, if I appeared in the character of a real disciple of Christ Jesus, if I dared to declare the whole truth of God, all manner of evil would be said of me; and, although it might be *falsely* said, while the *inventor* of the slander would be *conscious of its falsehood*, the majority of those who heard would yield it credit, and I should become the victim of their credulity.

"I knew how Mr. Relly had suffered in England, and the apostles in Judea; and, being a believer in the testimony of God, I was assured, if my doctrines were the same, my treatment would be similar. All this rose to my view, and the prospect was tremendous. Thus I passed the night, and the ensuing morning witnessed my indisposition both of body and mind. My good friend renewed his solicitations, 'Will you, sir, speak to me, and to my neighbors, of the things which belong to our peace?' Seeing only thick woods, the tavern across the field excepted, I requested to know what he meant by neighbors? 'O, sir, we assemble a large congregation, whenever the meeting-house is opened; indeed, when my father first settled here, he was obliged to go twenty miles to grind a bushel of corn, but there are now more than seven hundred inhabitants within that distance.' I was amazed; indeed, everything I saw, and everything I heard, amazed me; nothing, except the religion of the people, resembled what I had left behind.

"My mind continued subjected to the most torturing reflections. I could not bring myself to yield to the entreaties of Mr. Potter, and still I urged the necessity of departing, the moment the wind would answer. Mr. Potter was positive the wind would not change, until

I had spoken to the people. Most ardently did I desire to escape the importunities of this good man. The idea of a crowd, making a public exhibition of myself, was, to my desolate, woe-worn mind, intolerable; and the suspense, in which I was held, was perfectly agonizing. I could not forbear acknowledging an uncommon coïncidence of circumstances. The hopes and fears of this honest man, so long in operation, yet he evinced great warmth of disposition, and was evidently tinctured with enthusiasm; but, after making every allowance for these propensities, it could not be denied, that an over-ruling Power seemed to operate, in an unusual and remarkable manner. I could not forbear looking back upon the mistakes made during our passage, even to the coming into this particular inlet, where no vessel, of the size of the brig "Hand-in-Hand," had ever before entered; every circumstance contributed to bring me to this house. Mr. Potter's address on seeing me; his assurance, that he knew I was on board the vessel, when he saw her at a distance; all these considerations pressed with powerful conviction on my mind, and I was ready to say, 'If God Almighty has, in his providence, so ordered events, as to bring me into this country for the purpose of making manifest the savor of his name, and of bringing many to the knowledge of the truth; though I would infinitely prefer death to entering into a character which will subject me to what is infinitely worse than death; yet, as the issues of life and death are not under my direction, am I not bound to submit to the dispensations of Providence?' I wished, however, to be convinced, that it was the will of God, that I should

step forth in a character, which would be considered as obnoxious, as truly detestable. I was fully convinced, it was not by the will of the flesh, nor by the will of the world, nor by the will of the god of this world; all these were strongly opposed thereto. One moment, I felt my resolution give way; the path, pointed out, seemed to brighten upon me; but the next, the difficulties from within and without obscured the prospect, and I relapsed into a firm resolution to shelter myself, in solitude, from the hopes, and fears, and the various contentions of men.

"While I thus balanced, the Sabbath advanced. I had ventured to implore the God, who had sometimes condescended to indulge individuals with tokens of his approbation, graciously to indulge me, upon this important occasion; and that, if it were his will, that I should obtain the desire of my soul, by passing through life in a private character. If it were *not* his will, that I should engage as a preacher of the ministry of reconciliation, he would vouchsafe to grant me such a wind, as might bear me from this shore, before the return of another Sabbath. I determined to take the changing of the wind for an answer; and, had the wind changed, it would have borne on its wings full conviction, because it would have corresponded with my wishes. But the wind changed not, and Saturday morning arrived. 'Well,' said my anxious friend, 'now let me give notice to my neighbors.' 'No, sir, not yet; should the wind change in the middle of the afternoon, I must depart.' No tongue can tell, nor heart conceive, how much I suffered this afternoon; but the evening came

on, and it was necessary I should determine; and, at last, with much fear and trembling, I yielded a reluctant consent. Mr. Potter, then, immediately despatched his servants, on horseback, to spread the intelligence far and wide, and they were to continue their information until ten in the evening.

"I had no rest through the night. What should I say, or how address the people? Yet, I recollected the admonition of our Lord: '*Take no thought what you shall say; it shall be given you in that same hour, what you shall say.*' Ay, but this promise was made to his disciples. Well, by this I shall know if I am a disciple. If God, in his providence, is committing to me a dispensation of the gospel, He will furnish me with matter, without my thought or care. If this thing be not of God, He will desert me, and this shall be another sign; on this, then, I rested. Sunday morning succeeded; my host was in transports. I was, — I cannot describe how I was. I entered the house; it was neat and convenient, expressive of the character of the builder. There were no pews; the pulpit was rather in the Quaker mode; the seats were constructed with backs, roomy, and even elegant. I said there were no pews; there was one large square pew, just before the pulpit; in this sat the venerable man and his family, particular friends, and visiting strangers. In this pew sat, upon this occasion, this happy man, and, surely, no man, upon this side of heaven, was ever more completely happy. He looked up to the pulpit with eyes sparkling with pleasure; it appeared to him as the fulfilment of a promise long deferred; and he reflected, with

abundant consolation, on the strong faith, which he had cherished, while his associates would tauntingly question, 'Well, Potter, where is this minister, who is to be sent to you?' 'He is coming along, in God's own good time.' 'And do you still believe any such preacher will visit you?' 'O, yes, assuredly.' He reflected upon all this, and tears of transport filled his eyes; he looked round upon the people, and every feature seemed to say, 'There, what think you now?' When I returned to his house, he caught me in his arms; 'Now, now, I am willing to depart; O, my God! I will praise thee; thou hast granted me my desire. After this truth I have been seeking, but I have never found it, until now. I knew that God, who put it into my heart to build a house for his worship, would send a servant of his own to proclaim his own gospel. I knew he would; I knew the time was come, when I saw the vessel grounded; I knew you were the man, when I saw you approach my door, and my heart leaped for joy.' Visitors poured into the house; he took each by the hand. 'This is the happiest day of my life,' said the transported man. 'There, neighbors, there is the minister God promised to send me; how do you like God's minister?' I ran from the company, and prostrating myself before the throne of grace, besought my God to take me, and do with me whatever he pleased. 'I am,' said I, 'I am, O Lord God, in thine hand, as clay in the hand of the potter. If thou, in thy providence, hast brought me into this New World to make known unto this people the grace and the blessings of the new covenant; if thou hast thought proper, by making choice of

so weak an instrument, to confound the wise; if thou hast been pleased to show to a babe, possessing neither wisdom nor prudence, what thou hast hid from the wise and prudent, — be it so, O Father, for so it seemeth good in thy sight. But, O my merciful God! leave me not, I beseech thee, for a single moment; for without thee I can do nothing. O, make thy strength perfect in my weakness, that the world may see that thine is the power, and that therefore thine ought to be the glory.' Thus my heart prayed, while supplicating tears bedewed my face.

"I felt, however, relieved and tranquillized, for I had power given me to trust in the Lord; to stay upon the God of my salvation. Immediately upon my return to the company, my boatman entered the house: 'The wind is fair, sir.' 'Well, then, we will depart. It is late in the afternoon, but no matter, I will embark directly; I have been determined to embrace the first opportunity, well knowing the suspense the captain must be in, and the pain attendant thereon.' Accordingly, as soon as matters could be adjusted, I set off; but not till my old friend, taking me by the hand, said: 'You are now going to New York; I am afraid you will, when there, forget the man to whom your Master sent you. But I do beseech you, come back to me again as soon as possible.' The tears gushed into his eyes, and, regarding me with a look indicative of the strongest affection, he threw his arms around me, repeating his importunities, that I would not unnecessarily delay my return. I was greatly affected, reiterating the strongest assurances that I would conform to his wishes. 'Why

should I not?' said I; 'what is there to prevent me? I do not know an individual in New York; no one knows me; what should induce me to tarry there?' 'Ah, my friend,' said he, 'you will find many in New York who will love and admire you, and they will wish to detain you in that city. But you have promised you will return, and I am sure you will perform your promise; and in the mean time, may the God of heaven be with you.' Unable to reply, I hurried from his door; and, on entering the vessel, I found the good old man had generously attended to what had made no part of my care, by making ample provision, both for me and the boatmen, during our little voyage.

"I retired to the cabin; I had leisure for serious reflections, and serious reflections crowded upon me. I was astonished, I was lost in wonder, in love, in praise; I saw, as evidently as I could see any object, visibly exhibited before me, that the good hand of God was in all these things. 'It is,' I spontaneously exclaimed, 'it is the Lord's doings! and it is marvellous in my eyes.' It appeared to me, that I could trace the hand of God in bringing me through a long chain of events, to such a place, to such a person, so evidently prepared for my reception; and, while I acknowledged the will of God, manifested respecting my public character, I at the same moment distinguished the kindness of God, evinced by his indulging me with a retirement so exactly suited to my wishes. The house was neat, the situation enchanting, it was on the margin of the deep, on the side of an extensive bay, which abounded with fish of every description, and a great variety of water-fowl. On the

other side of this dwelling, after passing over a few fields (which at that time stood thick with corn), venerable woods, that seemed the coëvals of time, presented a 'scene for contemplation fit, towering, majestic, and filling the devotional mind with a religious awe.' I reflected, therefore, with augmenting gratitude to my heavenly Father, upon the pressing invitation he had put into the heart of his faithful servant to give me; and I determined to hasten back to this delightful retreat, where nothing, but the grandeur of simple nature, exhibited in the surrounding objects, and the genuine operations of the divine spirit on the heart of the hospitable master, awaited my approach.

"I had not the least idea of tarrying in New York a moment longer, than to see the captain, deliver up my charge, and receive my baggage, and I resolved to return, by the first opportunity, to my benevolent friend. And thus did I make up my mind: 'Well, if it be so, I am grateful to God, that the business is thus adjusted. If I must be a promulgator of these glad, these vast, yet obnoxious tidings, I shall however be sheltered in the bosom of friendship, in the bosom of retirement. I will employ myself on the grounds of my friend, thus earning my own support, and health will be a concomitant; while I will preach the glad tidings of salvation, free as the light of heaven. The business thus arranged, I became reconciled to the will of the Almighty, and I commenced, with tolerable composure, another, and very important stage of my various life."

This exhibition of Divine Providence is plainly one of those extraordinary manifestations from above, which,

at special epochs, have so strongly marked the ages. And that more common opinion, even of the church, which would merely *naturalize*, on the ground of a *fervid imagination*, or the like, so wonderful a phenomenon as MURRAY'S MEETING WITH POTTER, and its attendant events, would strike a death-blow at the same essential thing, which makes so marked an element of the Bible. If, then, in this age of thought, the lovers of the Bible would preserve its essential truth, and by it bless the world let them consider well, that extraordinary display of Superior Interposition which guided Murray to these shores, and so wonderfully instructed, inspired and supported him, in the great crisis of his becoming the Herald of that new, beautiful and blissful, yet almost universally hated idea of the Entire Redemption of the human race.*

OPPOSITION OF THE PRIESTHOOD.

Like many other causes of great and vital interest to mankind, and especially those which promise the highest kind and degree of Freedom, that cause, of which Murray was the divinely chosen servant, suffered most from the professed ministers of God; and Murray himself, as its personal representative and exponent, became the direct object of their most bitter and malignant attacks. The record of his life also presents us some choice specimens of their hypocrisy and craft, not very much unlike

* Many other wonderful circumstances transpired during Murray's new career, which the limits of this book do not allow of recording. The reader is therefore referred, as before, to the published Life of Murray. See note, near the beginning of this sketch.

that manifested by their prototypes, the Scribes and Pharisees, of eighteen hundred years ago. And, if we except a very few cases, this was the character of the priesthood at large, as its members were afforded the opportunity of revealing themselves, from time to time, in relation to the sentiments proclaimed by Murray. To give the reader some idea of this particular phase of human nature, I subjoin a few examples from the pen of him who was the object of their hatred:

"An invitation from Philadelphia being frequently and earnestly repeated, I repaired to that city; a respectable circle of friends awaited me there. The Baptist minister invited me to his house, and his pulpit. He questioned me in private, and, in the course of our conversation, he frequently repeated: '*Christ, in us, the hope of glory.*' I ventured to ask, 'Pray, sir, what do you understand by *Christ, in us, the hope of glory?*' 'Why, sir, in looking into my heart, I find something in it which I had not some years ago.' 'Do you, sir, call this something, Christ?' 'Undoubtedly.' 'But, sir, all the angels of God worship Christ; all the ends of the earth are admonished to look unto Christ and be saved; we are exhorted to trust in him at all times; and to believe that there is no other name given under heaven, among men, whereby we can be saved. Now, my good sir, suffer me to ask, would it be safe for angels in heaven, or men upon earth, to worship that *something* you have in your heart, which you had not there some years ago? would it be safe for all the ends of the earth, or any of the inhabitants of the world, to look to that something for salvation? could I, or any other per-

son, trust, at all times, to that something?' 'Then, sir, if this be not Christ, what can the passage I have cited mean?' 'Certainly, sir, this cannot be the Christ Paul preached. The Christ Paul preached, was crucified; he was buried; he arose; he ascended; and the heavens must contain him, until the time of the restitution of all things.' 'But how then is it that *this Christ can be in us the hope of glory?*' 'Why, sir, the Christian has no other hope of glory than Jesus Christ, entered within the veil; and this Saviour is, *in his heart*, the object of his *trust*, *confidence*, and affection. You have, sir, as I understand, a beloved wife in Europe; but, although the Western ocean rolls between you, yet you may say, she is ever in your heart, and no one would be at a loss to understand you; but if you were to tell them, your conjugal affection was your wife, they would stare at you; and yet it would be as proper to say your conjugal affection was your wife, as to say your love to God, or any other good and proper propensity, was your Christ. No, my dear sir, these are not that Christ, the things of which the Spirit of truth taketh, and showeth them to men, as the matter of their rejoicing. The Christ, of whom you speak, can be no other than the false Christ; that is, something which is called Christ, but is not Christ. The Christ, of whom you speak, *as your hope of glory*, was never seen by anybody, and is itself nobody. It neither suffered for your sins, nor rose for your justification; and it is therefore most unworthy to be held in reverence.' This conversation, as may be supposed, made this gentleman exceeding angry; and I was not a little surprised to hear him,

although he immediately broke up the conference, insisting upon my coming the ensuing day (Sunday), according to promise, to preach in his pulpit. The intelligence ran through the city, that I was to preach in the Baptist meeting-house, and numbers flocked to hear. I came, I entered the parlor of the reverend gentleman; many of the members of his church were present, and a young candidate for the ministry. The gentleman, who invited me, and who repeated his invitation on parting with me, arose, and throwing upon me a most indignant glance, took the young gentleman by the hand, and led him into the meeting-house, which was adjoining to his dwelling, leaving me standing in his parlor. I now perceived why he had insisted upon my coming to preach for him. But it was not wonderful; I had spoken contemptibly of his Christ, and he took rank among my inveterate foes; yet I had, among his connections, a few friends, who, indignant at the treatment I had received, redoubled their caresses.

"The combined efforts of the clergy in Philadelphia barred against me the door of every house of public worship in the city. Bachelor's Hall was in Kensington. But at Bachelor's Hall the people attended, and a few were enabled to believe the good word of their God. There was in the city a minister of the Seventh-day Baptist persuasion; for a season he appeared attached to me, but soon became very virulent in his opposition. He told me he passed on foot nine miles, upon the return of every Saturday, to preach. I asked him, how many his congregation contained? 'About an hundred.' 'How many of this hundred do you suppose are elected

to everlasting life?' 'I cannot tell.' 'Do you believe fifty are elected?' 'O no, not twenty.' 'Ten perhaps?' 'There may be ten.' 'Do you think the *non-elect* can take any step to extricate themselves from the tremendous situation, in which the decrees of Heaven have placed them?' 'O no, they might as well attempt to pull the stars from the firmament of heaven.' 'And do you think your preaching can assist them?' 'Certainly not; every sermon they hear will sink them deeper and deeper in damnation.' 'And so, then, you walk nine miles every Saturday, to sink ninety persons out of a hundred, deeper and deeper, in never-ending misery!'

"Reports, injurious to my peace, were now very generally circulated; and although I expected all manner of evil would be said of me falsely, for His sake whose servant I was, yet did the shafts of slander possess a deadly power, by which I was sorely wounded. Had the poisoned weapon been aimed by characters, wicked, in the common acceptation of the word, it would have fallen harmless; nay, the fire of their indignation would have acted as a purifier of my name; but reports, originating from those, who were deemed holy and reverend —alas! their bite was mortal. Again I sighed for retirement, again I hastened to the bosom of my patron, and again my reception was most cordial. Yet, although so much evil was said of me, many, glancing at the source, made candid deductions, and were careful to proportion their acts of kindness to the magnitude of my wrongs. Invitations met me upon the road, and, wafted upon the wings of fame, I could enter no town, or village, which my name had not reached, in which I

did not receive good, and evil treatment. The clergy and their connections were generally inveterate enemies; while those, who had will and power to act for themselves, and chanced to be favorably impressed, were very warm in their attachments. Thus my friends were very *cordial*, and my enemies very malignant; and, as my enemies were generally at a distance, and my friends at my elbow, but for officious individuals, who brought me intelligence of all they heard, I might have gone on my way with abundant satisfaction. At Brunswick, which I had been earnestly solicited to visit, I was received into a most worthy family. The Rev. Mr. Dunham was of the Seventh-day persuasion; a man of real integrity, who, although he could not see, as I saw, threw open the doors of his meeting-house; conducted me into his pulpit; and discharged towards me, in every particular, the duty of a Christian.

"His neighbor, a clergyman, who was a First-day Baptist, exhibited a complete contrast to Mr. Dunham. He invited me, it is true, to his house, asked me to lodge there; we conversed together, prayed together, he appeared very kind, and much pleased, and I believed him my confirmed friend, until leaving Brunswick I called upon some, whose deportment to me was the reverse of what it had been. I demanded a reason; when they frankly informed me, that the Rev. Mr. ——— had made such representations, as had destroyed all the pleasure they had been accustomed to derive from my presence. This affected me beyond expression, a stranger as I was; and suffering in the dread of what I had to expect, I turned from the door of those de-

ceived persons, without uttering a word. I quitted their habitations forever. Invidious remarks were made upon my silence; but of these I was careless; on other occasions I might have been affected, but treachery from a man, who had entertained me so hospitably, and who stood so high in the ranks of piety, shocked me beyond the power of utterance. Upon the afternoon of this day, on which I had been so deeply hurt, I was engaged to deliver my peaceful message in the pulpit of Mr. Dunham, in the vicinity of this perfidious man. Some time had elapsed since I had seen him, and I then met him upon the road; he advanced towards me with an extended hand, and a countenance expressive of Christian affection: 'You are a great stranger, sir.' 'Yes, sir, I am a stranger, and sojourner, in every place, as all my fathers were before me.' 'Well, how have you been since I saw you?' 'Thanks be to God, I have been preserved, and owned, and blessed, notwithstanding the slanders of the adversary, and his agents.' He saw he was detected, and he determined immediately to drop the mask. 'Well, I will do all in my power to obstruct your progress in every place.' 'Had you, sir, made this declaration at an earlier period, I should, at least, have believed you an honest man. But to pass yourself upon me as my friend, while you were aiming at me a vital stab! O sir, I am astonished at you.' 'And I am more astonished at you; do you not tremble when you reflect that God must have a quarrel with you? and that all his ministers in America hate you?' 'Sir, I do not believe my Creator is a quarrelsome Being, neither do I credit the information that all *God's*

ministers hate me; a *minister of God* is incapable of hating any human being.' 'But are you not confounded, when you consider, that you must be *right*, and we *wrong;* or you wrong, and all God's ministers right? Surely, it is more probable we should be all right, and *you* wrong, than you right, and we all wrong!' 'I have no apprehensions upon this head; some one might have questioned, in the days of Elijah, when he was opposed by eight hundred and fifty prophets: "Do you not tremble to see all these holy and reverend priests on our side, and you *alone* on the other? Either they must be wrong, and *you* right, or you wrong, and they right." So, in Jerusalem, our Divine Master might have been asked: "Are you not appalled at beholding all the ministers of God, all the rulers of the people, in opposition? Either they must be wrong, and *you* right, or you wrong, and they right; and which, pray, is the most probable?" And the people might have been asked: "Have any of our rulers believed on him? He is a devil, and mad, why hear ye him?"' 'I am astonished at your daring blasphemy, in comparing yourself either to Elijah, or Christ.' 'Why, was not Elijah a man of like passions with us? And are we not taught to put on the Lord Jesus Christ? Who is it that asks, If they have called the Master of the house Beelzebub, what ought the servants of his household to expect? Elijah is a member in the same body with me; but the Redeemer is still nearer; He is my head, the head of every man; He indulges me with the privilege of denying myself, my sinful self, and he allows me to acknowledge no other than his blessed self; that, thus

standing in his name, I may stand in the presence of the Father, the *Divinity*, with exceeding joy; that, asking in the name of his immaculate humanity, I may be sure to receive, that my joy may be full. Nor can all that you, nor any one else can say, be able to shake me from this my strong-hold.' 'Ay, perhaps you may be mistaken,—you may be deceived.' 'If I am deceived, I am deceived; but I will venture.' 'You know this is not the privilege of all, and,-therefore, it may not be yours.' 'I do not know that this is not the privilege of all; but, if it be of any, it is of the believer; and, as I believe, it must be mine. They shall, said my Divine Master, say all manner of evil of you *falsely*. You, sir, have been in Brunswick, fulfilling this scripture; and I rejoice, that I have made the discovery. *You* can never deceive me again; but as I am not naturally suspicious, others may obtain a lease of my good opinion, from which they will never, but on the strongest conviction, be ejected.' I left this good man beyond measure enraged; and, no doubt, believing he should really render God service, by doing me the most essential injury. I immediately repaired to the pulpit of friend Dunham, where, preaching peace, I recovered my lost serenity; and it gladdened my heart to believe, that the inveterate enemy, with whom I had parted upon the road, was included in the redemption it was my business to proclaim."

This specimen of priestly hate, is only of a piece with very many others, with which the noble Murray came in contact, from time to time, as he went from place to place, proclaiming "peace on earth, good will to men."

Several of these are recorded in his written life, and many more are unwritten. We shall be content with giving the reader one more exhibition of this character, though of a more open and public kind.

It seems that Murray had several times occupied the pulpit of the Rev. Mr. Croswell of Boston, by the pressing invitation of the proprietors of the house; and that in consquence, he had so excited the ire of that gentleman, that several slanders were published by him in the papers, against the promulgator. To these slanders, Murray had several times replied; but, finally, both agreed to drop the matter, and publish no more on either side. Mr. Croswell, however, soon saw fit to break his pledge, for which Murray gave him a severe rebuke through a private letter. In the language of the latter:

"This letter enraged him, and he sent it back declaring he would have nothing to do with me. But on the following Sunday evening, when I repaired, as usual, to the meeting-house to preach, Mr. Croswell was upon the stairs of the pulpit, with a number of his violent adherents, for the purpose of barring me out. Making no resistance, I requested the gentleman might be heard with patient attention: and silence being obtained, Mr. Croswell entered the pulpit and declaimed for a long time, with great bitterness; accusing me of preaching damnable doctrines, though he had never heard me preach, but so he had been informed; asserting that I was one of Relly's followers, and Relly believed all mankind would be saved; and Relly was a blasphemer, and denied the atonement; and I was a Deist, and it was dangerous to allow me to speak; for I said once, in

his hearing, that God loved the devil's children; and then, raising his voice, he vociferated, 'It is a lie, a lie, a lie, it is a damnable lie.' Thus he went on alternately crying out against me, and against Mr. Relly, damning my preaching, and his writings, and exhorting the people to avoid me, &c. &c. When he had concluded, he quitted the pulpit, and was passing out of the house as speedily as possible. I requested him to stop; but, observing he was rapidly departing, I urged the people to give me an opportunity of having justice done me, by detaining my accusing adversary that I might defend myself in his presence; and Mr. C——— was accordingly led into a pew. I informed the audience that I did, indeed, labor under great difficulty. The person, to whom I was about to reply, was an old gentleman and a clergyman, both of which characters were indubitably entitled to respect. Yet truth was, in my opinion, abundantly superior to every other consideration; it was beyond all price; a gem, with which its possessor should never part. I should, therefore, take leave to say, Mr. C——— was very right, and very wrong. Right in condemning damnable doctrines; wrong in charging me with preaching those doctrines. Mr. C———, I said, reminded me of Nero, who, to be revenged upon the Christians, caught the city of Rome on fire, and charged the Christians with the atrocious deed. Mr. C——— had dressed me in bears' skins, and then set the dogs at me. He affirms, that I preach damnable doctrines! Suffer me to ask, What are damnable doctrines? Peter says, There shall arise false teachers among you, as there were false prophets among

the people, who shall privily bring in damnable doctrines, even *denying* the Lord, who *bought them.* I appeal to this audience. Did I ever deny the Lord who bought you? On the contrary, have I not borne constant testimony to this purchase? Did you ever hear me say, It made no difference, whether a man lived a *good* or a *bad* life; was a *believer* or an *unbeliever?* Surely it is highly inconsistent to rank me with the Deist, who utterly disowns the Redeemer, when I am arraigned at this bar for believing there is no God out of Christ, and that He, who is God, our Saviour, *is all, and in all.* Mr. Relly is three thousand miles from this metropolis. Mr. C——— has neither seen nor heard him. Blasphemy, of which Mr. Croswell accuses him, is nowhere to be found, in his writings. These writings, give me leave to say, will live, and be held in admiration, when ten thousand such characters as Mr. Croswell's and mine will be consigned to oblivion. Thus I went on. Mr. Croswell again advanced to the pulpit; reiterated what he had before asserted, without regarding a syllable which I had uttered, until at length he interrogated: 'Does God love all the people in the world as well as Peter and Paul?' 'Suffer me, sir, first to ask you one question, which if you will answer, then I will reply to yours. Did God love Peter and Paul as well before they believed as afterwards?' 'God loved Peter and Paul from the foundation of the world.' Again, and again, I repeated my question, but could not obtain a direct answer. The people from the galleries called out, 'Why do you not say yes, or no?'—but he refused thus to commit him-

self, and of course I dropped the inquiry. Again he returned to the charge. 'Does God love all the people in the world, as well as Peter and Paul?' 'Yes, sir, I believe he does, as well as he loved those apostles before they believed.' 'Do you believe God loves all the people in the world?' 'Yes, sir, I do.' Then, again, he proceeded most violently, and, that the heresy might be confirmed, he once more questioned: 'Do you believe that God loves the devil's children as well as his own beloved ones?' 'No indeed; I do not think God loves any of the devil's children.' 'There, there now he is *hiding* again.' 'Suffer me, sir, to ask, What is it constitutes the character of the wicked man?' 'That is nothing to the purpose.'

"'Again I ask, what is it constitutes the character of the wicked man?' Here several individuals tremulously asked, 'Why do you not answer the question? We are all concerned in it, we are seeking information.' 'Suppose I cannot; let some one else answer, and, if I like it, I will agree to it.' No answer was given, and Mr. Croswell resumed his declamation, affirming I had said God loved the devil's children. I denied the charge, and was again accused of *hiding*, when I besought the attention of the people, while I explained myself. 'What are we to understand by a father and a child but the begetter and begotten? Can you, Mr. Croswell, or can any one present, presume to say, that the bodies, or the souls of mankind, were begotten by the devil? Is not God the Father of the spirits of all flesh? Is not God the Maker of our frames? and doth not the apostle say, we are all His offspring? If it be confessed, we all

died *in* Adam, we were of course *in* Adam; and if we were *in* Adam, we were what Adam was. But the Evangelist Luke affirms, that Adam was the *son of God*. We will next inquire, Who are the children of the devil, and who are the children of God? I humbly conceive, Christ Jesus himself has put the matter beyond dispute, in the ever memorable parable of the tares of the field, and our obligation to the Redeemer for explaining it so clearly to his disciples, is indeed immeasurable. I then repeated the parable, and the explanation; and proved from thence, that the abominations of the earth were children of the devil, because produced by him; that the iniquities of the people were the tares, sowed by the adversary; that our nature was the *good seed* which *Jesus sowed*. A holy God could not love sin, and, of course, could love no child of the devil: but men, being his offspring, He once loved them as his own, and having loved His own, He loved them unto the end; that He had proved this to all men, in the *gift* of his Son; *God so loved the world, that he gave them his Son*.' Mr. C. interrupted: 'Nine tenths of all you have said is nothing at all to the purpose;' and again, in terms the most violent, he renewed his accusation, that I was all the time *hiding*. A voice from the gallery exclaimed, 'If he be *hiding*, why do you not hunt him out of the bush?' Mr. Croswell at length tauntingly said, 'Come, come, leave off *hiding*, and tell the people, in plain English, that God loves them all.' To which I answered: 'I will, sir, in as plain English as I can command;'— and then, addressing the congregation, I thus delivered the genuine sentiments of my soul: 'I am commissioned to say to

every individual before me, that God loves you, and that you are not to accept this declaration upon my bare word; you have the word of a God, *who cannot lie;* who proclaims Himself loving unto every man; who has given you proof positive of His love. His love has been greatly manifested in your birth; in rearing you from infancy; in guarding you through the devious paths of childhood and youth; and preserving you from ten thousand dangers, to which you have been exposed. His gracious providence, in so plentifully providing for you, is a proof of His love. Your civil and religious liberties are blessed proofs of the love of your God. These particulars announce the love of Deity, to every individual, as a Creator, and Preserver. Yet these manifestations may be considered as merely temporal. But, blessed be the holy name of Jehovah! I am authorized to add, and in plain English too, that God loves the soul, which emanates from Himself, and that he has proved this love by the *gift* of his Son. *God so loved the world, that He gave them His Son. To us a child is born, to us a Son is given.* God has evinced His love, by giving us, in this Son, Reconciliation, Regeneration, a new Head, a new Heart, a right Spirit. Here your Creator so loved you, as to give you *Wisdom, Righteousness, Sanctification* and *Redemption.* In Christ Jesus, God has so loved you, as to bless you with all spiritual blessings. Every individual should believe this, since it is nothing more than an accomplishment of the promise, of the *oath* of Jehovah, which he sware unto Abraham, saying, *And in thy Seed shall all the nations, all the families of the earth, be blessed.* Such are the

glad tidings, which the God, who loved you before the foundation of the world, hath commanded us to proclaim to every one of you; such are the glad tidings which you ought to believe. If your heart tell you, It is not so, believe it not, it is an unbelieving heart; he that trusteth such a heart is a fool. If the devil tell you, It is not so, believe him not, he was a liar from the beginning. If your ministers tell you, You ought not to believe this good report, trust them not; they take part with the devil, and your unbelieving hearts. The devil would persuade you, not to believe the glorious truths, because, if you were delivered from his usurpation, you would henceforward serve your Creator without fear. The arch fiend is solicitous to retain you in bondage; his utmost efforts are in requisition to prevent you from believing, that God has so loved you, as to purchase you with the price of blood, of the precious blood of the Lamb of God; he would prevent you from believing that you are bought with such a price, lest, thus believing, you should render yourselves living sacrifices, holy, acceptable to God. But let God be true, and every man a liar; ye are not your own, ye are bought with a price; and the love of Christ constraineth us, because we thus judge, if One died for all, then were all dead; and that he died for all, that they who live, should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto Him, who died for them, and rose again.' All the time I was speaking, Mr. Croswell was kicking my legs, or pulling the skirts of my garments, ever and anon vociferating: 'Have done, have done; you have said enough; quite enough,' &c. &c. Sometimes he stood up close to my side, shouldering me as

hard as he was able. The congregation noticed his behavior, and it did not give them pleasure. For myself, I had much cause for gratitude to my divine Master; 1st, that he was pleased to give me words; and 2dly, that he did not suffer me to lose my self-command; no, not for an instant. Blessed be the name of the Lord.

"My next evening lecture was uninterrupted; but on the succeeding Sunday evening, the throng was so prodigious, that it was with much difficulty I reached the pulpit; and when entered, I was nearly suffocated, by the strong effluvia, arising from the asafœtida with which the tools of the adversary had wet the pulpit and the pulpit cloth, plentifully sprinkling the whole house with the same noxious drug. For some moments I was so much overpowered as to induce an apprehension that it would be impossible I should proceed; but the God of my life was sufficiently abundant for me. The demons of confusion were, however, not quite satisfied; many stones were violently thrown into the windows; yet no one received any other injury than the alarm which was created. At length, a large ragged stone, weighing about a pound and a half, was forcibly thrown in at the window behind my back; it missed me. Had it sped as it was aimed, it must have killed me. Lifting it up, and waving it in the view of the people, I observed: 'This argument is *solid*, and *weighty*, but it is neither *rational* nor *convincing*.' Exclamations from various parts of the house were echoed, and reëchoed: 'Pray, sir, leave the pulpit, your life is at hazard.' 'Be it so,' I returned; 'the debt of nature must be paid, and I am as *ready* and as *willing* to discharge it now as I shall be

fifty years hence. Yet, for your consolation, suffer me to say, I am immortal, while He who called me into existence has any business for me to perform; and when he has executed those purposes for which he designed me, he will graciously sign my passport to realms of blessedness. With your good leave, then, I pursue my subject, and while I have a THUS SAITH THE LORD for every point of doctrine which I advance, not all the stones in Boston, except they stop my breath, shall shut my mouth, or arrest my testimony.' The congregation was, as I have said, astonishingly large; but order and silence were gradually restored, and I had uncommon freedom in the illustration and defence of those sacred truths, which will be ultimately triumphant. Two or three succeeding lecture evenings were unmolested, when the business of stoning me in the pulpit was again resumed; my friends were in terror, and, after I had closed, forming a strong phalanx around me, they attended me home. Many religious people were violent in their opposition; they insisted that I merited the severest punishment; that the *old discipline for heretics* ought to be put in force; and I was thus furnished with abundant reason to bless God for the religious liberty of the country of my adoption, else racks and tortures would have been put in operation against me, nor would these holy men, moved by the spirit, have stopped short of my destruction. Yet was the charge of *heresy* never *proved* against me. I was never silenced either by reason or scripture. I had called upon men everywhere, clergymen, or laymen, to step forward and convict me of error, promising immediately upon conviction to relinquish the obnox-

ious tenet, whatever it might chance to be, and to adopt that better way, which would, in such an event, become luminous before me. Truth and gratitude originate the confession, that in *all circumstances*, I have hitherto had reason to bless the God of my life, who hath promised he will be with me to the end of the world, and that all things shall work together for good."

CONCLUSION.

"THE COMMON PEOPLE HEARD HIM GLADLY."

As it was with Jesus, so was it with John Murray. Everywhere he went, proclaiming the Glad Tidings of Salvation, the common people generally received him with open arms. And had it not been for the tyranny of their so called Spiritual Guides, they would doubtless have been still more spontaneous in their acceptance of the Truth. Many were the hearts made glad, and souls redeemed from theological slavery, by the earnest inspiration which flowed through him, from Heaven. And thousands now rejoice in the light of Heaven's Love, who, were it not for him, as the Great Pioneer of a central and all-subduing Truth, might still be groping in the shades of theologic gloom, and contracting within a narrow, and still decreasing circle, those, otherwise, out-gushing, and ever-expanding sympathies and attractions, which link the soul to God, to angels, and to Destiny, in the ever-ascending series of the soul's unfolding Life.

It remains for us to say, that the subject of this "Sketch," after spending a life of the greatest usefulness, principally in the capacity of a Preacher of the

Gospel, but sometimes outside of that (in the language of another), "took that step in life, which men call Death," on the third day of September, eighteen hundred and fifteen, in the seventy-fifth year of his age.

Such is a brief and imperfect outline of some of the more prominent aspects of the mortal career of him, who now purports to come again to earth, to give instruction of a higher order than before to the inhabitants of this waiting world; and the following Messages, in part, embody that instruction.

MESSAGE I.

INTRODUCTORY.

The Medium's dedication. — His study of Murray's written Life. — Persecution of the latter here below. — The whole truth not seen by him while on earth. — Heavenly light and its revelations. — Priestly rule and its effects. — Its power is being lessened. — The Medium's struggles and progress. — Perdition, Bottomless Pit, behind. — All safety, in progress.

When thou wert a sweet and smiling child, thy father placed thee in my aged arms. Then I first beheld thee. My name was given unto thee. Then it was that I invoked upon thy head the divine benediction, saying, in the presence of all the congregation, "The Lord bless thee and keep thee; the Lord make his face shine upon thee; the Lord lift up the light of his countenance upon thee, and give thee peace."

Carefully, frequently and delightfully, hast thou studied my written life. Constantly have I through that written word, constantly have I been teaching thee; more than any other human being; more than any one who has ever lived on your earth, have my labors, my trials, my faith, taught thee. From the time that I landed on these shores, from the time when I first publicly proclaimed the boundless love of God, — from that hour, through my written word, hast thou followed me step by step, marked carefully my course, and by my example hast been led to a higher and better life.

Alone, misunderstood, persecuted, hated, — I was often stoned by the ruthless mob. And as the light, from time to time, dawned upon my mind, so that light shone out. But I saw not all the glories that were to be revealed to man. New, and still more beautiful truths, were to come from heaven to earth; and when I closed my earthly career, truly I could say, "His rest *is* glorious." But when I left this mortal body; when I ascended to the higher and purer state, — O, then I felt *how little* I knew. Then I felt how much was to be done for the inhabitants of your dark and benighted earth. I saw the priests; I saw them standing in the way of human progress. I saw them the deadly enemies of Christian freedom. Robed were they, appropriately, in *black;* dark, indeed, were their labors; but over, and above their heads, I saw here and there a single human being, with a mind free and open, and fearless to hear, to search, to receive; and my hope was strengthened when I looked upon such.

Some things which I earnestly taught and sincerely believed to be true, were not so. I had not seen the whole truth. Greater light has dawned upon the world; and as that light has come, man has been elevated. The world has breathed more freely, and those vipers that have fastened on the race, to prevent human progress; those vipers that stood in my way, when on the earth, — a "generation of vipers," they were, — those have been thrown off. As the apostle threw the venomous beast that fastened upon his hand, into the fire; so have these been thrown off the shoulders of the race; and the people have been able to stand up, and

feel that they were capable of hearing, of thinking, of judging, of speaking for themselves.

I have seen thee in thy struggle, and bitter, very bitter has been the cup, of which thou hast been called to taste. Those men who profess entire freedom, who told thee to search all things and hold only that fast which thou didst find to be good and true, — some of those have stopped in their onward course; and when, in their midst, there has arisen one who had found more truth than they, they have labored to silence his voice, and said, Be still; be still; tell not the world the things which have been revealed to thee. But, O, weak and finite man, thou canst not stay the tide. Thou canst not say to the rolling wave, Peace, be still; be still; stop here; come not further. So shall the truth, like the mighty, heaving billow, roll on; and time shall overwhelm all who would stay its onward progress. While those who welcome the rising tide, and sweetly say, Come up higher; with joy we greet thee; they shall swell out on the vast, fathomless, shoreless ocean.

Thou hast seen truth. Thou hast followed that truth from year to year, as the light has dawned upon thee. And thou hast proclaimed a *new* truth. And now, my dear *young* friend (for I am *old*), again, again, the light dawns upon thee. It hath come to thee; and now, my young friend, there are more trials for thee yet. As when on the earth, *I* was misunderstood, so shall it be with thee. I see thee. I see thee, searching carefully, searching alone, for that new path; and thou shalt find it. Fear not, fear not, my young friend. Good spirits are all around thee. They encircle thy

head; they strengthen thy feet; they move thy hand; they open thine eyes; they cause thy lips to speak. Shut not out the light. Perdition, *perdition*, — with all its damning powers, is behind thee. That which is behind, thou art to dread; *that* is the "BOTTOMLESS PIT!" Draw back, and thou art *lost*. But onward, sweetly, pleasantly onward, and thou art safe. There is nothing there to fear; no darkness, no ravenous beast, no lion; but all is beautiful, holy, serene, and happy; and wherever thou goest, up and down, on the earth; wherever thou goest, my young friend, let the light shine; *let the light shine;* LET THE LIGHT SHINE! And the world shall be made to rejoice. That mission which now opens before thee, is most important to the race. Thou art to do a work that shall bless men.

MESSAGE II.

FATHERHOOD OF GOD — BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

Murray's satisfaction in these communications. — He sees our needs. — God, our Father. — Man, our Brother. — This thought, the foundation of all useful endeavor. — War, Trade, Institutions of Learning, to be overcome, changed, and transformed. — Our costly edifices, and their new use. — Results.

Glad am I, my young friend, again to greet thee. Thou hast done well. Carefully, recall the words that I have uttered. Great, very great, is the satisfaction which I find in being able, once more, to communicate with the inhabitants of your earth. I see your needs. I see the instruction which will be useful to you. And, first, and foremost, and most important of all, is it, that the world should understand, that He who created all things, is your Father. Children are you, of all sizes, of all complexions, of all creeds, of all degrees of knowledge, improvement, goodness, and wisdom. Upon you the Great Father looks, as the earthly parent looks upon his family. He knows their weakness, their wants, and their circumstances. And in view of that knowledge which is in his mind, he looks upon them all, and loves them, and does them good, according as their circumstances require. Thus does the Father of all look upon his family, and does them all the greatest

possible amount of good; and, in the highest possible degree, promotes the happiness of each individual whom he hath created. That great thought being fixed in your mind, it becomes the foundation of all useful endeavors.

Looking down upon your earth, it is difficult, exceedingly difficult, for us to discover those little lines which separate man from man, and brother from brother. You are but one, — springing from the Great Source of all. As the trunk, and the branches, and the leaves, all help to make one perfect tree, so are you but one, springing from one Father. And as this thought shall control the actions of the inhabitants of your earth, so, and only so, and *only so*, and ONLY SO, can the world be truly redeemed. Everywhere should that be imprinted on the minds of the inhabitants of your earth, that He who made you all, is, in the highest, and best possible sense, your Father. That dear, loved name, *Father*, FATHER. And when that truth shall be written on the mind, from that will come the understanding, that you are brothers. From that will spring the thought, that you are to love one another, as brothers. From that will come the thought that brother should not injure brother. From that will come the thought of governing, controlling, and shaping your institutions, so as, not only, in the highest possible degree, to promote, not only the good of the whole, but of each individual that constitutes that great whole. So that the smallest shall no more be overlooked, than the highest, — in your estimation the highest, — though not always so. And, from that, you will be led to feel that all oppressions, all distinctions, all that is calculated to disturb and

destroy the peace of the world, shall pass away. And from that you will begin, in the best possible way, to promote, not only the interest of this, and that, and *that*, and THAT class; but to promote the interest of each individual. And as you progress in this work, you will perceive that an abundance of means will be placed within your reach, that now are appropriated to other, and unwise purposes.

War, with all its horrors, with its vast expense of time, of talent, of wealth; — that time, that wealth, that talent can all turn inward, to aid in blessing the world. The vast amount of means now used for upbuilding useless walls, bringing the people into imaginary circles, with labors to keep them there; the talents, and the wealth, and the time, now misspent in this unwise way; — all *that* can be turned inward to the common stock, and aid in blessing man.

That vast System of Trade, extending all over your earth; consuming so much time, wealth, talent, — that will pass away; and in its stead, there will be a simple interchange of the things that are useful in the world. The vast amount of time, and strength, and talent expended in mere outward decoration, — *that*, when you shall come to a simple, true, and pure state, that may be used for the common good of all. That waste of time, that destruction of health, in preparing unwise food for the body, — when you shall come to a true and pure state, — much of that may be used for the common good of man.

When you shall be able to look calmly at this matter; and when you shall deeply feel that you are

brothers, not one little one, not one little one will be overlooked; each will be cared for; there will be an abundance for all the family.

I look into your schools, and I see how imperfectly, how *imperfectly* your children are taught. They study books, *books*, BOOKS. Were your teachers wise and judicious; were *they truly* educated; did they know other things than those taught in books, then your children would more rapidly acquire useful knowledge. But, as I look into your schools, I see them passing from one school to another; and, when, as it is said, their education is *completed*, they know almost nothing. Your religious teachers pass through these, and they tell you all the things which they have found in the books, the *books;* — and *who made those?* To a *single* Book, — to that, they point, and that they worship. Daily, on their bended knees, they fall down and worship a book, — a *mere book*. O, could they, could they go out, and read that beautiful volume, everywhere open before you; could they point you to the grass as it springs from your earth; could they, like one in olden time, could they call your attention to the beautiful flower, as it grows sweetly in the field; could they lift your eyes up to the spacious vault above their heads; could they tell you of the twinkling stars, of the shining sun, of the pale moon; and over, and above, and around, and within all these, could they speak to you of a Father; then would your vision be enlarged; then would your minds expand; then would your thoughts run from one to another, until you would feel that you were one; and, as one beautifully said, "like kindred drops you would

mingle into one." But taught, as these teachers are, only in the books, they can only tell you all the things which they have there found. But the truly great, and wise, and good; he who lived best and purest on your earth, he gathered not from books; but, with a mind open, free; with eyes to see, with ears to hear, with a heart to feel, he gathered, he gathered instruction from all that came around him; from the little flitting bird, the flower, the grass, the heavens; and freely, joyously, sweetly, did he distribute these little crumbs which he had gathered; and he dropped them down so charmingly into the minds of those that came to him, that they were *fed*. They drank of the sweet, refreshing waters of divine knowledge. O, it was to them a "feast of fat things!" Disdaining to be confined to a nation, or to a party, he went freely, mingled with all, constantly gathering, and as constantly imparting. And the men of books, as they saw people gather round him, and listen to his sweet notes, they wondered, and said, — "*Where* did he learn his letters?" His *letters?* — the alphabet was all before him, and he was able constantly to read, constantly to instruct.

So, when your teachers, — when, like him, they shall go joyously and freely to the people; when their minds shall be opened to gather all that is useful; then there will be flowing from them streams, streams of everlasting wisdom, and undying instruction.

Such teachers as these you need. Let them come, *let them come*, LET THEM COME. Let them go from habitation to habitation, up and down, on your earth; and there will be those who will sit down sweetly at

their feet, and delight in their instruction. Those costly edifices which you have upreared, and which you find it so difficult to sustain, — these may yet be useful institutions. And, as you become prepared here, so will you be useful hereafter.

MESSAGE III.

THE LIFE OF JESUS AND THE DEATH OF MAN.

Jesus and his teaching. — Murray's joy in contemplating it. — Jesus, our Brother. — We have made him a God, and put him out of our reach. — His own opinion on earth. — His eyes open now — sees Jesus as he is, and loves him. — Jesus the best specimen of a man. — Departed Spirits near to God. — Our mourning false. — The grave robbed of its victory.

Already have I spoken of the immense importance, which, to the world, is the sentiment, that in the highest and best possible sense, the Creator bears to man the relation of Father. You are brothers. How sweet, how beautiful is the word brother. Every human being, wherever born, of whatever character, of whatever name, is your brother. Let that thought be indelibly written on your mind. Never for a single moment, never lose sight of that most interesting relation. God is your Father, and man is your brother. Could all the world perceive that most interesting truth, how soon would love prevail over all the world; and error, fraud, hatred and injustice pass away. As the early morning frost recedes before the heat of the golden sun, so would that sentiment, received, expand the mind, warm the heart, strengthen the affections; and there would be nothing to disturb or make the people afraid. You would be brothers. No one has ever, before or since, so truly taught that sentiment, so carried it out in practice, as

did the misunderstood Nazarene. O, my heart leaps for *joy* when I contemplate his labors; so free, so beneficent, so self-forgetful, so ready to mingle with the poor and the sinful, a blessed, blessed pattern for his brothers; for he *was* our brother. You have unwisely made him a God. Unlike all others, you have said that he, in a peculiar sense, came down from heaven. In a peculiar sense, you have said that he lived before he came to your earth. You have said, and I believed it, you have said that he was born of only *one* parent. In thus doing, thus speaking of that most excellent, and I had almost wished to say, that superhuman character, you have placed him out of your reach, making of him a God, instead of a noble, beautiful, holy man. He has been out of your reach, you could not see him. He was far away. He could not be a brother that you could look at. It was a God. But when you are made to see him, born as others were, surrounded by the same unavoidable circumstances, brought up with others, associating with them; seeing them as they were; when you see him rise up, — yes, rise up above all these; when you see him a beautifully developed man, walking and moving about the earth; doing good as he finds opportunity; when you thus see him, you are sometimes led to say, "Could all the world the Teacher know, then all the world would love him too."

Thus do I now look upon the Nazarene. When on earth, my mind was dark. Partly, I made him a God, and partly a man. But as my eyes have been opened, as I am able now to see him, I love him. And, my young friend, the more you see him as he was, and the

more you look at him as a man, doing whatever his hand found to do, the more will you admire that beautiful character.

Take then that life, that recorded life, as the best specimen; the best that you have ever had on your earth, and as you look at that character in its true light, divested of all those false notions, you will see one worthy of all admiration; and as you look at that, *that* will help you to see more distinctly the character of Him whom he called Father. O, that dear loved word, — Father! No thought can enter into your mind that will so enlarge it, so strengthen it, as that thought of Father.

Clouds sometimes, my young friend, clouds may gather about you; those on whom you leaned, your dear friends, your counsellors, may pass out of your sight; but they have only gone nearer, *nearer*, NEARER, to their dear Father. Gone, not dead; *not dead*, my young friend.

We look down upon your earth, we see you robed in black. We observe the solemn, slow train. The widow returning back to her home, solitary and sad, and bathed, *bathed* in tears; she says, My husband is *dead!* So, to her, with closed eyes, it seems. Sad indeed is she. Down into that dark, dreary grave she looks. But beyond, above, I see the inhabitants of your earth; daily, *daily*, they go there, and down, down they look; and they think the dead are there. Not there, my young friend, not there.

O, could their eyes be opened; could they behold the scenes above; could they see the spirit, the spirit emancipated, *emancipated* from this mortal body; could they

see the shackles as they fall; could they but feel that that is but the *body* that moulders back to dust; while the spirit ascends higher, and *higher*, and HIGHER in infinite progression; yes, yes, in *infinite*, in INFINITE progression; could they but see *that*, ah, then the tears, the tears would be wiped all away. The loved one has left for a fairer, and a happier, a *happier* clime.

When the inhabitants of your earth shall see us; when their eyes shall be truly opened to the joys of the future; when those dark, gloomy thoughts of death shall truly pass away; O, then, *then* will they robe themselves in purity; the dark weeds will be thrown away. Another, *another* soul, they will say, has been born into the higher life. And when their eyes shall be opened, they shall see the angels descending, and taking the spirit to that pure place of peace and love. My dear friend, happiness inexpressible does the thought afford, that the time must soon come when the more favored and the more enlightened inhabitants of your earth shall *see* this. Then, O then, will you be able to realize the beauty of the expression, "O death, WHERE *is thy* STING? O grave, *where now*, *where* NOW is thy victory?" It is Truth, and Truth alone, that can conquer death.

MESSAGE IV.

LIFE OF THE SPIRIT AFTER DEATH.

Death a change from low to high conditions. — The soul goes to its own best place, then subject to the law of infinite progression. — The favorite employment of the life to come. — The relation of our life here to that hereafter. — The rich and their riches. — Results of getting them unwisely. — The poor, and their moral condition hereafter. — The angels know the difference. — God cares for little children.

I SHALL now proceed further to instruct you. The teaching which you now will receive, will be of great importance to the inhabitants of your earth. Naturally, you wish to know more concerning the life of the spirit after its departure from its mortal body. It will afford me, my young friend, it will afford me great pleasure now to instruct you in regard to this most interesting and important subject.

Before, I have spoken to you of victory over death and the grave; and have already said to you, we could truly inquire, "O death, where is thy sting, O grave, where is thy victory?" Death, as you are accustomed to call it, is but a change, from a lower to a higher state. Your own good sense will at once lead you to consider the changes which you perceive going on around you in nature. From the lower to the higher, all

things in nature, all are tending upward, as I have said before, in infinite, in *infinite* progression.

Leaving behind the body which I occupied when on your earth, — feeble it was, but poorly answering the purposes of life for a season, — I was able to rise to a more perfect condition. No clear, distinct view, had I enjoyed of the higher life. Of course you already comprehend the thought, that we have no further use for this tabernacle. You already understand the meaning of the passage, "This earthly tabernacle shall be dissolved." Then comes a better building, suited to our wants, and our new and improved state. Each person goes to his own and best place; there to receive that useful knowledge which shall prepare him for a still higher state. This brings to your mind again the thought of infinite, *infinite* progression. There, circumstances being more favorable, more rapidly we can acquire; and, at the same time, impart wisdom, and useful knowledge. Every one, in his place, finds his own work to do.

While in this mortal state, inhabiting my poor body, I had no clear conception of the employment of those who had left your earth. *Teaching* is our favorite work. There we become the most useful, and there we find the greatest happiness; those above teaching those who are below. And O, could I enable the inhabitants of your earth to behold the charming scenes, and the beautiful landscapes, that are spread out before us, in the richest possible variety, your hearts would leap for joy; you would long, long to be with us. At present, it is well that you should be where you now

are; where you have your varied work to do; and when that work is completed, then the change comes. And then, my young friend, O, let me impress that thought upon your mind, which shall never be, for a moment, forgotten, — the thought that as you are wise, virtuous, useful in your present state, so shall you be qualified to enter into the next. Keep then, my young friend, keep the thought constantly before you, that in addition to the happiness which you will find in a virtuous and useful life, when on the earth; in addition to that, shall you be able, more perfectly, and immediately, to enjoy the heavenly, the superior state. Let these two thoughts never be separated.

On your earth, you see those now who, to your eye, appear prosperous. They seem to be in possession of much that is desirable. But if these possessions are unwisely obtained; if improperly used, then those very possessions sink them into a lower state. We see, constantly, the inhabitants of your earth leaving their bodies, and we know, we *know* the difference. There may be some poor, silent man, in his humble cot, unknown to the world, who rises far, far higher than he who has enjoyed large possessions. The talents, those *inward* talents, which had been given him, were used for wise purposes. He lived humbly, though he appeared in a high and happy state. And beautifully, beautifully has one said: "God dwells in the high and holy, and with him that is of a humble and contrite spirit." Beautifully was it said: "Learn of *me*, for I am meek and lowly in heart." Such, such are the truly blessed. Such are best qualified to enter into the higher state.

You will not, you will not, my young friend, misunderstand me. I wish you to keep the thought constantly before you, that all goes on in infinite progression. That poor, foolish, unwise man, — he goes into a lower state; and there are those ready to welcome him; to teach him; and, as rapidly as possible, to raise him from that estate to a higher, and more perfect condition: I say a *more* perfect condition; for, with us, we find it exceedingly difficult to speak of perfection; because we are constantly being, *being* perfected. But in comparison with the inhabitants of your earth, when we meet our change, immediately, we are in a perfect state. I say, my young friend, I say, *comparatively*, because that state is so much better than the one in which you now live.

Little children, — those sweet inhabitants of your earth, taken from your arms at the time when they most seemed to need your care; you, the inhabitants of your earth, have been led to mourn over them. But, my young friend, let me say to you in great joy, that not one of these little ones is uncared for. Suitable arrangements are made for their reception; and there are those who find the greatest amount of pleasure in caring for these dear, beautiful, little children. O, if you could but see them as we see them; could you but know the joy that we find in pressing them to us, in watching over them, how soon would the tear of sorrow be wiped from the parent's eye. Say then, O say to the inhabitants of your earth, that God, and his ministering spirits, have a great care for those dear, little children.

MESSAGE V.

THINGS SOON TO TAKE PLACE.

These teachings, and the needs of the world. — Changes soon to transpire. — New teachers. — Gift of healing. — Education. — Garments. — Food. — Amusements. — Architecture. — Home.

I DESIRE to express my gratitude to the kind friend who has so correctly and carefully recorded the words which have been spoken. These words will be of great service to the inhabitants of your earth. They will help to give juster views of God; of man; of the duty of man to man; and of the spirit-life. At the present moment, the inhabitants of your earth very much need instruction of this character. You need not hesitate to spread these views before men as you find opportunity. There is something within you which will respond to these teachings.

It will now, my young friend, it will now afford me pleasure to communicate to you some events which are soon to take place on the earth which you inhabit. Very difficult indeed is it to tell you, in words, of the things which are to be. What I am about to say is of great importance; but can only be imperfectly communicated. Spiritual influences are to exert a greater change, in a shorter time, than anything which has before transpired on your earth. Better views of the state of the world after men leave the body; a clearer

view of the divine character; a more distinct perception of Truth; and over, and above, and around all, a higher wisdom. WISDOM: *that* is what you most need. That wisdom which shall *direct*, springing from pure love to all.

Those *little divisions*, which now cause among you so much discord, — separating one from another; — those must soon pass away. So earnestly will the inhabitants of your earth engage in plans of great wisdom, embracing the good of *all*, — overlooking not the least, — that those little divisions which have kept you apart, will appear so insignificant in comparison with the good which will open before you, that you will hardly spend time in meditating upon them.

HARMONY.

Now, you are living in most *discordant* conditions; each seeking what he considers to be his own individual good, while he disregards the good of those around him. You will be able more perfectly to perceive, in a higher *wisdom* state, that the good of the individual *cannot*, CANNOT, CANNOT be promoted, in the highest possible degree, unless that individual improves the condition of those about him. Struggle he may; plan he may; and appear almost to grasp that which he so much desires. *He must fail*, because of the unfavorable conditions of those about him upon whom he *must*, MUST, in a greater or less degree, depend.

The *wisdom* condition will show you that important truth; and when distinctly perceived, then plans will be formed which will embrace all, — overlooking none.

NEW TEACHERS.

New Teachers will soon appear in your midst. I have spoken to you already, my young friend, of books, of *books*. Little can be gathered from these. TEACHERS will come to you, whose minds will be as wide as the Universe. Teachers, whose faces will be turned UPWARDS; Teachers who shall receive from ABOVE that instruction which they so much need; and which they will bring down to those around them. Down into those books, with faces bent low, do Teachers now look. But when they shall turn their faces upward, and there shall drink of the fountain of wisdom; and receive that as it comes fresh from the FATHER; from them, from *them*, shall flow streams which shall refresh and fructify the earth. *Such* Teachers *will come*.

Then, too, there shall come among you, those who possess *wonderful*, *mysterious powers;* approaching, *approaching* almost into the neighborhood of the miraculous, — not, my young friend, not *miraculous;* all shall be under the guidance of that MIND whose laws are *unchanging;* — and, from these, there shall go out a healing influence, — as it were, from their very fingers' ends, there shall pass out healing. The broken heart; that bleeding, broken heart, — it shall be healed. That poor, wandering soul, searching here and there, groping in the dark for that health which alone can make life desirable; — these shall come to such, and their gentle touch, and their life-giving influence, shall restore them to health. Let not, my young friend, let not the inhabitants of your earth be disturbed because these are

to come. They shall not come *suddenly;* but, as the sun gradually rises higher and higher, and shines brighter and brighter, so shall these dawn upon the inhabitants of your earth; and the old Teachers and the old practisers will have ample time to make arrangements for themselves. Their teaching and their practice will all pass away, *away;* it will be no more. The light will come, and the darkness will pass away.

EDUCATION.

New and beautiful methods of culture shall soon come among you. I have, my young friend, I have spoken to you of *education.* I have reminded you that when you have said, that "*education was finished,*" those who had been thus taught *knew almost nothing.* From *books* they have gathered. And there *shall be* books spread out all before the young; and these they shall *read;* and these they shall UNDERSTAND. The laws of the body; the laws of the mind; the laws of the earth; the laws that govern the heavenly bodies; — these shall be revealed to those who come. All will be MADE PLAIN. *O, with rapture,* with RAPTURE, I behold it! I see the new methods of teaching. I know the change that *must* come. It is, as it were, it is already *at hand!* IT IS AT THE VERY DOORS! No *miracle,* my young friend, no MIRACLE; but it is the *light,* the GLORIOUS LIGHT, that shall dawn on the inhabitants of your earth.

DRESS.

And even, even the very form of the *garments,* which you now wear, — even these shall be changed;

and those with which you now clothe your mortal bodies, will be looked upon, in a wiser day, with AMAZEMENT! Hardly able will the inhabitants of your earth be to believe that such were *ever worn*. The new garments shall be beautiful, comely, easy, and pleasant to look upon.

FOOD.

And the very food, the very *food* with which you now nourish your mortal bodies, *that* will be laid aside. *Upward*, UPWARD, you will reach for that which is beautiful; that upon which the golden Sun shines. No longer, no longer down, in the cold, damp earth, shall you dig for *roots;* but eat these, — the higher, the purer, and the wiser.

AMUSEMENTS.

The character of these, — not the *amusements*, but the CHARACTER shall be changed. There will be those who will raise up the thought to a high estate. There will be those who will cultivate, *cultivate* the higher, the nobler faculties of man. — NOBLE MAN, made in the image of God; destined to *live*, and LIVE on, and *on*, and ON, — as I have before said, in *infinite*, in INFINITE progression.

ARCHITECTURE.

The very buildings which you now inhabit, — the *order* of these shall soon be changed; and you will look back upon these also with amazement! The new buildings shall be BEAUTIFUL! HOME; O! that delightful word *home*, HOME, HOME! — there SHALL be

HOMES; so that home shall be, of *all places*, the most delightful. Architects will spring up in your midst; and, like the things that are ABOVE, they shall contrive for you conveniences here. These, my young friend, these are to come. As the spirit can descend into your midst, and come more immediately to the highly favored; so will *they* go out under their peaceful influence, and do their various work, and bless the inhabitants of your earth.

MESSAGE VI.

RELIGION AND ITS TEACHERS.

Religion, and they that teach it. — They get their Knowledge from Books. — The Book of God, with no interpolations. — The way to understand Religion. — The joy of True Worship. — Temples too dark for it. — The field and the forest, the better places to worship God. — The better day dawning. — The Old Teachers, and the change that is coming. — The New Teachers, and the inspiration of their teachings. — The Old Worship passing away.

It is with more pleasure than I shall be able, in words, to communicate, that I meet you, my young friend, in this high, this sacred, and this consecrated place.* I will now continue farther to teach you the things which are important for you and the world to understand.

RELIGION.

Much, my young friend, is constantly said, by your teachers, of religion. The teachers who gather from books, — those books, *books*, as I have before said to you, — constantly, *constantly*, have their faces bended downward towards the books, the *books*. There is widespread, before the inhabitants of your earth, a volume whose pages are constantly being unfolded; and if you

* At High Rock, in Lynn, Mass., where this and the two following Messages were given.

would know and understand true religion, — that which shall be useful, and that which shall be practical, read, O read, my young friend, that beautiful volume. No interpolations are there. No mistranslations are there. The letters are written by the finger of Almighty God. There, before every eye, there is teaching important and useful to man. Go out then, and look at the sweet distilling dews. Behold the soft showers, as they sweetly descend and refresh the earth; and the golden sun that shines, *shines* upon man; and there is for you a lesson of religion. It is *that* the world needs. For man, impartially, for man do these come upon your earth; every one of these is a minister to teach you the way of duty. *That* is the sort of religion which, above all things else, the inhabitants of your earth most need. Study, carefully study, the teachings of that wide-spread book; and its teachings never shall lead you astray. Its teachings are infallible. You study what you are taught to call an infallible book, *book*. THERE IS BUT ONE INFALLIBLE BOOK. Let that thought be spread over every part of your earth, that *there is* but ONE, and ONLY one infallible book. I need not say to you, my young friend, that the lessons which are written there will teach you to do good to all men. It is that which you need. O, when the people of your earth, when they shall come out of their limited circles; when they shall leave the walls in which they now are enclosed; when they shall go out on the lofty hills, into the beautiful valleys, and the dark green woods, and shall open *that* book, THEN they will acquire true views of religion; and they will go back to their labors refreshed, and with

hearts overflowing with gratitude to Him, who is the author of that infallible book.

I see the inhabitants of your earth gathering together; slowly, solemnly, with earnest visage they come and bow down; with their faces *downward* they worship God. Not downward, my young friend, not downward. They who truly and lovingly worship, their faces are turned upwards, *upwards*, and they see him who hath made them, and with JOY they worship the Father of all.

OUT of your temples! — those dark, gloomy places. AWAY! leave, leave them behind. They are to be forsaken. The *buildings* may not be demolished. No, no, my young friend, lay not ruthless hands upon the buildings, for these may be made useful institutions. But to the people, to the people, I would say, *up*, UP, and away. Away on the hills, and in the woods, and the valleys, and the rocks, and *there*, THERE, truly, shall you worship. "Not," as one beautifully said, in a former time, "not in this mountain or that mountain;" not in this or that place, but in spirit, *in spirit;* in a devoted and an active, and a truthful life. It is such, and such worship *alone*, ALONE, ALONE, *CAN* be acceptable in the sight of God the Father.

I see you, your heads bowed down to the earth; but it shall not always be so. A better day is soon to dawn upon you. It must come. *Not suddenly*, my young friend; let not the inhabitants of your earth be disturbed. Important changes come *gradually;* and there will be ample time, as I have before said, ample time for the old teachers to make arrangements for

themselves. They will go out, and engage in other and useful avocations; and let them go. Let the light shine, *let the light shine*, and "the darkness will flee away." It may sometimes, my young friend, be convenient, and exceedingly agreeable, for the inhabitants of your earth to congregate together for useful purposes. And when there shall be those qualified to teach, let them take the place of the teacher; and the people of your earth will feel and understand, that such *are qualified*. Not, my young friend, not qualified in those institutions, which are seen on your earth; not qualified where your young men now go to learn the ART, the *ART* of teaching; but qualified because of an influx from the heavens above. Such, *such* teachers shall speak words that shall warm the heart; such teachers shall raise your thoughts above. Such teachers shall INSPIRE, INSPIRE to energetic action, *action*, ACTION. And the people will work, *work*, WORK; not, merely, in uprearing division walls; but they shall work for man, for *man;* not for a mere handful of men, — *labelled* men; but for MAN. It may be, therefore, my young friend, it may be wise and proper that you should gather into these buildings for useful and wise purposes. But the true worshipper finds his highest and purest enjoyment in the great temple that has no seen walls. *There*, THERE, the mind will expand; there, the heart will warm; and there, they will read that beautiful, that infallible book, — THE BOOK OF BOOKS.

To this high and consecrated spot, spirits delight to come. Come, come brothers; come sister-spirits, come,

come, COME into our midst, and refresh our souls. "This is the House of God."

You are congregated here to-day, my young friends, you are congregated here to-day, and are enjoying a season of pure worship; *pure* worship. This is what *we mean* by worship. How peaceful, how pure, how serene. How holy, how happy are you here to-day. Spirits hover around you. They are here, and the singers, and the choirs. — *Such* singers and *such* choirs as congregate in your places of worship! *Paid*, PAID they are to sing praises to God. *To sing praises to God!* OUT upon it, — away. The true worshipper would *scorn* it. He would spurn you from him, should you come to him, and offer him gold and silver to engage in the praises of God. And the *man of black* stands there with solemn face, and lengthened visage, and passes an hour, and goes away. Such, you call worship. It will pass away.

MESSAGE VII.

CHARITABLE INSTITUTIONS.

Efforts to improve Man. — Best Methods not always chosen. — We are too selfish. — Our pride in charitable institutions. — The reasons of their existence.

Once more on this high and most sacred spot I am permitted to approach you; desiring more perfectly to lead you, and, through you, the inhabitants of your earth, to a higher, purer, and more *practical* life. I look down upon the inhabitants of your earth with the deepest interest. I see distinctly the things which they, at the present time, most need. There are those who are most anxiously desiring to promote the highest good of those who are about them; but they see not, distinctly, the best methods of improvement; they need instruction.

Efforts are being made to improve the condition of the inhabitants of your earth. These are various; but you, the inhabitants of your earth, need a wider and more expansive view of the ways and means which should be adopted, more perfectly to improve the condition of the world. I have, my young friend, I have more than once endeavored to impress upon your mind the most important truth which should be at the foundation of all useful action, for the highest good of man.

That thought is the great idea, that God is, in the highest and best possible sense, your Father; and that you are, indeed, *brothers*. It is that word, BROTHER, that I would have kept constantly before the minds of the inhabitants of your earth.

You are living together, as it were, in the same house. You are constantly coming together, in a great variety of ways; as you are situated now, it cannot well be otherwise arranged. And *how* do you come together? For selfish, *selfish* purposes. You should come together, not only with a strong desire to promote your individual interest; but should, at the same time, closely connect with that the interest of your brother also. Keep that thought constantly in mind; and that fraud, that deception, that *craft*, — *that* is the word; that CRAFT which now preëminently characterizes the inhabitants of your earth, would pass away. And that talent, that wisdom-arrangement, which would come in its place, would contemplate the happiness of all the inhabitants of your earth. And, in promoting the happiness of the whole, you would, necessarily, promote the highest happiness of each individual composing that whole. I have before said, you cannot, you *cannot*, you CANNOT, in the highest degree promote individual happiness, to the overlooking of those who are about you; because your individual happiness must, *must*, in a greater or less degree, be dependent on the virtue and the happiness of those about you.

CHARITY.

You have, I perceive, extensive institutions, rapidly springing up in all directions — called *Charitable Insti-*

tutions. But if you consulted the good of all, endeavored to promote the highest happiness of all, then your good sense enables you to perceive, that these institutions, which you call charitable, would no longer find a place in your midst. Because of the want of wisdom in your minds; because of the want of uprightness in your hearts; there is this call for what you denominate charitable institutions. Properly and sufficiently instructed, these would find no place on your earth. There would be no call for such: and while the inhabitants of your earth look upon these institutions with a great degree of self-gratification, those who are in a higher life, and in a superior state, look upon them with regret; with deep regret, that there should be in your midst a state of things which demands institutions of this character. I do not say that these institutions should at once be demolished. They may be useful for a season to come; but *they are passing*, and they *must* pass away, *away*. They are to be no more.

That vast amount of sickness and suffering, which populates some of these institutions; that should not be. The men who attempt the work of cure are not the enlightened men; they act according to the instruction which they have received from books, from *books*. O, could they but go out, and read that volume, of which I have already spoken, open to *them*, as well as to others, even the very beasts of the field would teach them.

Shut up in their institutions; incarcerated within their walls, they *do not*, and they *cannot* see and receive

the best methods of restoring to health. And because of that state of things, up springs a *Charitable Institution*, into which the sick and the suffering are closely crowded, crushing the weak under the iron foot of oppression. Unable, as a class in your midst, very properly to take care of themselves; poor, they are closely crowded into charitable institutions. All about, you find these are springing up. In an enlightened state, there would be really none that could properly be called poor. There would be the weak, for a season; but, for them, the strong would always have a useful, and a wise care. Employment, suited to their feeble state, would be wisely prepared for them, so that they would cease to be dependent, in some degree, on others; and would be able, to a very considerable extent, to provide, by honest labor, for their own wants.

Unwisely disregarding the thought that you are brothers, a great amount of wealth, and time, and strength are expended, annually, in your midst, in the work of bloody destruction. And in these efforts, — as you do not take all by these means from the body entirely, a class remains in your midst, maimed, lame, diseased, and enfeebled; and then you uprear a charitable institution to take care of these; thus unwisely creating poverty, and then making provision *for* that poverty. Thus, you unwisely use means for destruction, and then tax yourselves heavily to sustain those who are but partially destroyed. In a wise state, you will see, that that class of persons will not be, *will not*

be, because peace, sweet, loving, gentle peace, shall come to you, and you will be at rest.

SMALL CHILDREN.

In your present low condition, large numbers of children are unwisely begotten. The air which is in those places inhaled; the food they eat; the liquids which are taken into the stomach; — these serve to excite the lower propensities of the human body. More of these, partly, imperfectly begotten children, are thrown upon the care of those who beget them, than they can easily provide for; and pressed often hard to obtain nourishment for the body, sometimes those who beget these will resort to unwise methods to obtain that which is necessary to human life.

Into your crowded streets, garrets, cellars, I look with the greatest amount of pain. So long as persons thus inhabit these places, — live in these unfavorable circumstances, so long will *poverty*, POVERTY, with ALL its horrors, stare the inhabitants of your earth in their faces. *Out*, OUT of these, *away:* AWAY, on the rocks, and the hills, and in the woods should these go, and breathe Heaven's pure, sweet, invigorating air. And *there would be* air; there would be comparative happiness; and there would be but little want. But, crowded, as I see you are, into these most unfavorable locations, crime, and poverty, and want are there. And then, and *then*, as a consequence, you uprear charitable, *charitable* institutions. And you look upon these with self-gratulation, and pride yourselves with

the thought, that you are a charitable people. By your unwise methods of crowding together, you have created that which necessarily calls afterwards for charity.

MESSAGE VIII.

BONDAGE.

Murray's interest in this part of our earth. — Spent most of his mortal days here. — Applauds our manly struggle for freedom. — Our partial success. — We are measurably fettered still. — The churches and the government. — A new church and a new state. — The bondage of the black man. — Its end at hand. — The bondage of custom. — Custom an old hag. — We must think for ourselves.

AGAIN, my young friend, I am most happy to be able to meet you in this high, and this solemnly consecrated spot. I wish to renew my expression of gratitude to the kind friend who has so faithfully, so carefully, and so patiently recorded the words which I have spoken. Her reward will come to her in due season; and it will in a future time afford her great satisfaction that she had been an instrument, so important, in advancing the truths which I desire to communicate.

BONDAGE.

I look upon the condition of the inhabitants of your earth with great interest; and, especially, that portion of it where I passed the largest measure of my mortal life. No people on your earth have enjoyed more favorable opportunities for the advancement of human institutions, than have the people of your portion of the

earth. An oppressed people struggling manfully, and patiently, and partially successfully, for the advancement of freedom. You, the inhabitants of your portion of the earth, were highly favored, being blessed with advanced minds who had received expanded views of freedom; and they essentially aided the inhabitants of your portion of the earth, in throwing off that bondage under which they were suffering. To some considerable extent, they succeeded in obtaining that which they most ardently desired; and in laying the foundation of their institutions, proclaimed principles as eternal as the throne of Almighty God; and for a season appeared to be intently engaged in carrying out, in practice, the sentiments which they had promulgated. But, alas! for poor, weak, finite man; often *speaking* well, frequently his practice comes not up to his highest thought; and he is in constant danger of falling backward. The temptations to turn away from high, and holy thought, are numerous. There are few, very few, — and these are the most highly favored, who can live up to the thought which they declare; and the inhabitants of your portion of the earth are not an exception to this remark.

It is with deepest sorrow, it is with most intense interest, and with a most ardent desire to promote the welfare of the people of that portion of the earth which you now inhabit, that I am now impressed to speak on this all-interesting subject — BONDAGE.

You are a fettered people. *You are*, as a people, *you are* in chains. As a people, you do not live up to the thought which you have declared. You are *afraid*

of one another. As a people, you are fearful of expressing the highest thought that is found within you; — afraid of one another. The priests, of whom I have before distinctly spoken, can, in your present state, do you little good. *They*, also, are in bondage. Your rulers, dependent constantly on public favor, cannot utter that thought, which has come from God, down into their inmost hearts. *They are slaves;* your rulers *are slaves;* SLAVES are they to those on whom they are constantly dependent; and they, together with your priests, would fasten fetters upon the people, and keep you, one and all, where you now are. They are unwilling to move onward, *because all motion*, ALL MOTION is unfavorable to their individual interests. They stand in the way of human progress. *They are*, THEY ARE its deadliest foes.

I do not mean to say, my young friend, that among them there are not those who have high and holy aspirations; but, I would say, that as they are now, they CANNOT be the ACTIVE friends of human progress. And as the tide rises higher and *higher;* as wave after wave approaches, they must pass away; and another, and a better class will take their places. Your churches and your governments *are to be overwhelmed*, OVERWHELMED. The mighty tide of truth shall rise *higher*, and HIGHER, and they *shall*, they *must* be overwhelmed. But in its stead, my young friend, there shall rise a pure, active church, and a state, that shall, *shall* consult the good of each member of that church and state.

I have said to you, that you will, when you understand that you are brothers, that you will so shape all

your institutions, that the interest of *one little one* will not be overlooked. And my poor brother, on whom I look in a portion of your land, toiling day after day with no earthly prospect before him; and another standing over him with the heavy lash! — O, man, *man*, MAN, stay, O, stay thy ruthless hand! and take not from thy brother that which is dearest of all to man: — *liberty*, LIBERTY. It *must* not, it *cannot* long continue. That tide which now is coming; that tide, the tide of truth and love, and wisdom; as that tide shall come higher, and higher, and sweetly, and still more sweetly, it shall wash away the bloody stains. No sudden change. All, *all* is under the everlasting guidance of Him whose laws are perfect and invariable. *They* never change; and as I have before spoken to you of God as your Father, and man your brother, so the thought shall go from one to another, and another, and *another*, and ANOTHER; and there shall not one be left, no, my young friend, *not one*, who shall not be able to feel its refreshing influence. And, in that way, and only in that way, and *only in that way*, AND ONLY IN THAT WAY, can man, can MAN be made truly free. Your good sense, my young friend, enables you to see distinctly the influence of the thought, which has now been imperfectly expressed.

YOU ARE IN BONDAGE TO CUSTOM. You dare not do that which in your most inward soul you believe to be for the best; *because*, BECAUSE, in thus doing you may disturb some custom. AWAY, AWAY, with those old customs. Ask yourself, my young friend, ask yourself only, *is it right*, IS IT RIGHT? And when you shall

find a distinct answer to that important question, trouble not yourself about what old MADAM CUSTOM will say. Who cares for *her?* The man of God has no sort of respect for that OLD HAG, any further than she is in the right. Let her go; *let her go.* Take to yourself, my young friend, no anxiety about what she likes, or what she dislikes. Do that which your highest thought tells you to be right, and just, and true.

You are in bondage even to the very dress with which you enwrap yourselves; so much so, that you, the inhabitants of your earth, do not ask what will best become you; what will be most suited to the highest wants of your mortal body; but you simply ask *how others* do; and what they put on; and then you do as those around you are accustomed to do.

You cannot; you, the inhabitants of your earth, cannot rise to a high, and a truly free state, until you think for *yourselves*, for YOURSELVES; never, *never* allowing another, however old, however high, however sacred, however popular, never allowing another to think for you. These instructions, my young friend, so far as they are regarded by the inhabitants of your earth, so far they will introduce them into the enjoyment of true freedom; and you shall be a free people.

MESSAGE IX.

EQUALITY, AND SPIRITUAL THOUGHT-READING.

The superior state, and the expansion it gives the mind. — Desire of spirits to aid us all. — Equality, and true happiness. — One Father, and one interest. — Spirits know our thoughts. — The Angels and their work. — Perfect equality, the end of all superior aid.

Once more, in this noisy, busy, crowded, and somewhat unfavorable spot, I am glad to greet thee! I will continue to impart to you, and, through you, to the inhabitants of your earth, that instruction which will be found exceedingly important and useful to you and them. I desire to speak of a new, deeply-interesting, and highly-important subject.

In a more spiritual state, far above your present condition, *we* are able to take broad views of matters, which are important for you to understand. We desire, as I have before, my young friend, said to you, to promote not only the interests of all the inhabitants of your earth, but at the same time to promote the highest interests of each individual composing that great whole; so that the smallest shall not, in the least degree, be overlooked.

I have already spoken to you, my young friend, of Bondage; and also of Charity, in which I endeavored to

help you and the inhabitants of your earth to understand that, in a *true* state, there would be no call for charitable institutions; and that bondage must, of necessity, pass entirely away. And also have I spoken to you of the interesting fact, that God is, in the best and highest possible sense, your Father; and that you are all brothers.

Living, as you do, in your present state, you seek not the happiness of all; but individuals seek to promote their own individual happiness, even though that individual happiness may not, in the highest degree, promote the happiness of those who are about them. As I have before said, you cannot, *you cannot* promote the happiness of the individual, only as you, to the same extent, raise up those who are about you. There must be *equality*, EQUALITY; or there can be no true and permanent happiness among you.

Now those who are raised very high, — in *your* estimation high, — these suffer because they are *thus* exalted; while another class, who are kept very low, suffer because they are degraded. Your good sense, my young friend, enables you at once to perceive, that neither of these are in the most favorable circumstances; and that thus situated, both of them must necessarily suffer. It cannot be otherwise, as long as these two are in these unnatural, and most unfavorable positions.

What now is, at the present time, most needed to promote the highest happiness of all, is to bring these, the high and the low, together; and make them feel that they have but one Father; and that, in fact, they have but one interest; because they are united, as it

were, in copartnership, — they being but one company, — and that which promotes, in the highest degree, the greatest interest of that company, is that true and that elevated state.

It is then, my young friend, for equality that you should now strive. *Equal rights! Equal privileges! Equal schools, equal institutions;* open for one, open for all! Take then, my young friend, this thought distinctly to thy mind, and communicate it to the inhabitants of your earth, — that that which you much need is a state of TRUE EQUALITY, which concerns the happiness of every person belonging to your community. Those who are in what is called the high state, and those who are in what is called the low state, — it will be seen that both of these classes will be truly benefited, when they come together in the true and the equal, *equal* life. Inequality must forever be unfavorable to all who are under its cursing influence. Looking, for example, into a single family; wherever you find, in that family, a *favored* child; and, especially if, in that family, you find one who is suffering under disfavor, — there is the seat of discord, and hatred, and jealousy. And you, the inhabitants of your earth, should take for your model, the wisely and lovingly arranged family; that family which has, within its bosom, the greatest amount of equality: — that is the happy family. So, as you extend this circle to all the inhabitants of your earth, and feel that they make ONE FAMILY, so should you, the inhabitants of your earth, endeavor to promote equality in your midst. Without this, you can find no true, solid, permanent rest. There will be revolution

after revolution; there will be overturning after overturning; there will be overwhelming after overwhelming; there will be discord after discord; until this state of things, of which I have now spoken, is finally brought about.

BROTHERS, YOU ARE! — and how MEAN, to skulk away in some corner of your earth, and eat your bread, while your brother, near by, is starving! How mean, to crawl into your *costly mansion*, while your poor brother is homeless! — to enwrap yourself with all that is luxurious, and affluent, and splendid, while your poor brother has not even enough to conceal his nakedness. Can *you*, can YOU expect thus, in such a state, to find true rest? Excited, driven, perhaps, almost to frenzy by want, that poor starving, famishing man, in the agony of his soul, looks up, and sees what you possess; and he will lay hands upon you, and destroy that which is, in your sight, very valuable. Had you tried to raise him up to a true, and a comfortable, and a higher state, there would have been no person to have disturbed you in your condition. And you, without useful employment; hardly knowing how to drag along a single other hour; trying here and there to pass away this and that time, — could you have been employed in trying to raise him up from his low condition, you would have found that you were doing yourself good, by that sort of labor. It was well said of one in old time, that when he saw a poor man, who had fallen by the way, he got down, off of his horse, and stooped down, and raised up the man from that low place, and comforted him, and watched over him, and saw to him in the future. Your good

sense, my young friend, enables you to see, that while both of these were benefited greatly by this work, the two others, who went on their way, to attend to other things, which *they thought* to be important, lost all that enjoyment, and all that happiness which flowed into the souls of *these* two persons. This is what we would always strive to have you understand, — that in helping up another, though you may seem to go down yourself, you do, in truth, raise yourself up, from that which is, truly, a low, to a high, and a more Christian, and a self-satisfying, and self-enjoying state.

O, could we but show you, the inhabitants of your earth, the state in which *we* now live; could we but open your eyes, so that you could see that the happiness of each one, in our condition, is promoted in the highest possible degree, — O there, there, my young friend, would be a most beautiful picture for you to look upon, and copy! I would, though but imperfectly, as far as I can, bring the state of things above, down before the minds of the inhabitants of your earth; that you may look at that picture; and that you may imitate the things which are enjoyed in the state which is but just above you; *but just above you.* And I would say to you here, that we are not far from you; that we are so near we can see all that you do, and hear all that you say, and feel all that you think; so that the very thoughts which are within your mortal bodies are all laid open before us, so that we can understand them, just as you are able to read a great book, with very large letters. As plain, as plain, my young friend, as those things are to you, are the thoughts which are in your

minds to us; so that we know the things which you intend to do, before you have accomplished them.

O, my young friend, O could you, the inhabitants of the earth; could you but feel the importance of the thought which I have just spoken, how carefully would you look *within*, and examine all that is going constantly on there. Tell, tell the inhabitants of your earth, that their thoughts are known to those who are above them. And when you, the inhabitants of the earth, shall be made to understand *that*, — then you will be able to perceive that darkness, that *darkness*, that DARKNESS cannot conceal you. You must be made to feel that all is open to those who are above you; and that with them there is no darkness; there is no night; *no night;* NO NIGHT! ALL IS LIGHT ABOUT THEM!

O, that poor brother, — we see him stealing away, and he thinks that *no eye* is upon him. Shrouded in that dark cloak, — all, to him, appears still and silent. And that weapon may be in his hand, — the weapon of destruction. O, could he be made to feel that eyes are upon him, and that all his thoughts are known, would he thus proceed in his work of darkness? If he ascend up to the lofty hill, we see him there. If he go down into the dark cave, we see him there. If he says, "Darkness is here," — *it is light*, and his thoughts are known! As you, my young friend, as your feet, which shall never weary, go up and down on the earth which you now inhabit, everywhere you go, tell the people of your earth, that their thoughts, their *thoughts*, — not merely their *deeds*, — their THOUGHTS, are all known to those who are above them. And it affords us great joy,

when we can look at some of the more highly-favored inhabitants of your earth, and see those blessed thoughts which are going up there; and which are designed in power, in love, in great wisdom, to benefit, not only themselves, individually, but to benefit the inhabitants of the earth, on which they live.

Such is the employment of those who are in the state above; where there is the most PERFECT EQUALITY; and where the happiness of all around is most perfectly, and at all times, and invariably promoted. And, as I have said to you before, my young friend, all is going on in infinite, *in infinite*, IN INFINITE PROGRESSION. And so we would have you go on, among the inhabitants of the earth, to a higher and a better state: and the best way to promote that is, for you to endeavor to promote equality in your midst; and you must try to make the people understand, that all things are open to those who are above them.

MESSAGE X.

RIGHTEOUSNESS.

The importance of doing right. — Righteousness, the fairest jewel. — The chief end of man. — Righteousness, and material prosperity. — Inward joy, and its source. — The superior riches, and the faithful. — Righteousness, and those in power. — The priest, his influence, and his circumstances. — We should pity, not condemn. — The truth, and its faithful declaration.

I HAVE before spoken to you, my young friend, of the importance of doing that which is just and right, whether it be in conformity with the wishes and customs of the world or not. I desire to improve this opportunity to speak to you, more distinctly, and more fully, of the importance of *invariably* doing that which, in your highest, and best judgment, you believe, — taking into consideration all the circumstances, — to be just and right. "Seek righteousness," said one; and, my young friend, I desire to say to you, and through you to the inhabitants of your earth, that there is no jewel so fair, so comely and so precious as righteousness! We see the inhabitants of your earth searching constantly and diligently, for that which *seems to them* to be of the highest value. They expose themselves to hardship, and want, and danger, to obtain those things which they most highly esteem; they expose themselves, even to the loss of health, and sometimes of life, to ac-

cumulate those things which, in their estimation, are of great worth. But let me say to you, and through you to the inhabitants of your earth, that there is nothing for which they search, of higher present value, and of eternal moment, and that can be so serviceable to them as *righteousness*. Few, exceedingly few of those who live on your earth, search for that firstly, secondly, or thirdly. What I mean to say is, that they do not make that the *chief end*, THE CHIEF END of life. When they find it will promote what they believe to be their good, — then they will search for that which they call righteousness; but the thought which I would now write upon your mind, and which I would have you tell the inhabitants of your earth, is, that if they would live a true life, they must INVARIABLY seek for righteousness, *and that alone!* There can be no true peace, and no substantial enjoyment, unless righteousness is the great end of life! — the "chief end of man!"

O, my young friend, often have I desired to unfold before your mind the state in which we live, so that you would be able to see, that in our present condition, we always desire, according to the light which we have acquired, to do that which is right. And it is of the highest importance to the inhabitants of your earth, that you should now be made to understand this teaching. Here let me say, that in doing that which is of the highest right, there is, after all, the true *material prosperity;* for He who hath made all, and orders all in the highest wisdom, and the greatest love, has so arranged his laws, that he who seeks for right, and makes this the chief end of his life, does, in that searching, while on the

journey, and at the close of the same, find therein true material prosperity. It is not meant here to say, that he who seeks always to do right, will live in the greatest mansion, or will always get the greatest heap of gold; but it is meant to say, that he who always strives to do right, will not want for those things which are essential to his comfort and convenience; and will enjoy that peace within, which arises from a firm belief, that under all the circumstances, he has done, at the time, according to the highest knowledge, which flowed into his mind.

Down, down into the earth, do the inhabitants dig for concealed treasure! But, my young friend, I have said before, of the true worshipper, that his face is turned upward; and then it is that wisdom flows into his mind. And now let me say here, that he whose face is upward, and whose hand is on high, — there come down to him gold, spangles, spangles, gold, diamonds, diamonds, diamonds, — all about him, all around him, all over him, — here they are, and they come, *they come*, THEY COME *from above!* O, could the inhabitants of your earth but know the treasures that are in store for them there; could they but know that the heavens above are full of everything beautiful, and delightful, and harmonious; O, their faces would be turned upward, and love and light and wisdom would come down to them in such immense quantities, that they would be filled with amazement! Yes, my young friend, it is all, all in store for the faithful, and for those who make right the chief end of life. And not only so, my young friend, but, as I have before said to you, when the change

comes, you go into states, such as you are qualified to enter; and when there comes up in your midst one who lives a life of right, — makes that his chief end; when such a one meets his change, then higher, and *higher*, and HIGHER, and nearer, and *nearer*, and NEARER to the throne of the Eternal, does he take his place! And not only does he find the enjoyment, consequent on this seeking for right in the present, but he enjoys an eternity of blessings, because he has loved right more than all things else. And, my young friend, this is the teaching which the inhabitants of your earth greatly need.

I have spoken to you before of the Priest; also of Rulers, and also of Traders. Your good sense, my young friend, at once enables you to perceive that should these three classes of persons make right the chief end of life, a change approaching, almost into the neighborhood of the miraculous, would at once be manifest on the earth which you inhabit.

Among these three, of which I have now spoken, there is no one who is able to exert so wide an influence, as the man who is clothed in black, and stands up before the people to teach them the things which, above all others, they most need to understand. And yet there is none whose circumstances are so unfavorable to the promulgation of the highest thought, which comes into his mind. As he is now circumstanced, he cannot easily utter his highest thought; because, if he does, some persons to whom he looks for support will turn away and become his opposers. He must, as he thinks, declare truth as fast as they are prepared to receive, without

offending these; and if the truth comes to him, and those on whom he depends are not ready to receive that truth, then he feels that he must wait until they are prepared. In this way the truth makes, on your earth, an exceedingly slow progress. For what purpose does the truth come to him? For one purpose, and only one,—that he may declare that truth to others; and if he conceals that truth and does not declare it to men, then he is not man's and truth's highest friend!

It is proper, my young friend, in all circumstances in which persons are placed, to make all the allowance which true charity requires, and pity, *pity*, PITY. Yes, we pity the poor man who stands up there before the people, and asks for truth, when in fact he has now on hand a much larger stock than he has been willing to dispose of; keeping it on hand for use, as he may think occasion requires; and yet asking that more truth may be given him. If his chief end were to do right, then he would go out on the rocks, and the hills, and over the valleys, and through the woods; and with trumpet tongue, would he proclaim the truth which has already shone into his mind. Yes, he would lift up his voice like a trumpet, and it would echo, echo and reëcho from hill to hill, and from mountain to mountain; and the inhabitants of the earth would leap for joy!

All this, my young friend, will come in the day which is soon to dawn upon the inhabitants of your earth. It shall come to you, and there will be true and faithful and noble men and women, who shall go from place to place; and shall fearlessly, and distinctly, and fully declare the truth which has come into their illum-

inated minds; and they will ask only for the path of righteousness. And when you find that path so straight, — all along, all along are flowers, beautiful flowers; all along are most precious fruits; all along is the green grass; all along are the gentle, murmuring streams; streams of peace and harmony and love! O, could we but open your eyes, could we but let you see the blessings which are in the paths of righteousness, how rapidly would you go into that heavenly and righteous path.

Everywhere you go then, my young friend, up and down the earth, never hesitate, in the least, to ask *what is right?* And when you find that, walk, *walk*, WALK THERE. And all will be sweet, beautiful, flowery, harmonious, easy and refreshing!

MESSAGE XI.

HIDDEN THINGS REVEALED.

The light, and its new way of shining. — A revealer of secrets. — The light, and the man of pride, the priest, the wealth that built the costly mansion. — Pity for these. — The light, and the worthy poor. — The light, and the persecuted. — All shall be seen as they are. — The privilege of the good.

THE light shineth; but the inhabitants of your earth do not distinctly perceive it; it comes in a way which they do not distinctly comprehend. Ordinarily, it comes through perceived channels; and those upon whom it shines are distinctly seen, and somewhat understood, and acknowledged. But now, accepted means are used for its dissemination among the inhabitants of your earth, entirely unlike anything with which you, the inhabitants of your earth, have before been acquainted. It flows into the minds and the understandings of those who are qualified, and suitably prepared for its reception. Into these earthly vessels is it to flow, and be carefully preserved, so that it shall not be miscarried. And, as I have before said to you, my young friend, a greater change is now about to take place, in a shorter time, than anything which has before been received into the minds of the inhabitants of the earth, on which you live. And they who receive this new light that comes

down into their minds, are to disseminate it, as, from time to time, they have opportunity; according to the talents, and the wisdom, which they have received from Him who is the author of all the laws of their being; and who is able to distinctly see those who will be the most useful, and the most active in proclaiming to the world the light which has come into their minds.

I have before said to you, my young friend, that the true worshipper turns his face upward. I have before said to you, that he who would receive heavenly treasures *must* turn his face upward. And so, in the order of things, must the light come down, and shine into the minds of those who are fully prepared for its reception. And then, wider, and *wider*, and WIDER, and WIDER, and *WIDER*, shall it spread, and *spread*, and SPREAD; and it shall be received into the minds of the inhabitants of your world. There will be those raised up, from the number, who will be qualified, in the highest possible manner, according to the talents which they have received, to preserve and disseminate the light which has come through them.

Weak, fallible man, *stand thou there*, and face the east; and say to that glorious sun, *Begone!* BEGONE! *away!* Shine NO more! *shine no more!* And yet the glorious sun will rise up, and *up*, and UP; and the inhabitants of the earth shall see and rejoice in its light. And so, my young friend, shall there be those in your midst, who shall vainly endeavor to put out the light, — *to put out the light.* Weak, impotent man! When he can prevent the sun from rising in the east, then shall he be able to prevent the spread of the light which

now dawns, and *dawns*, and DAWNS, upon the inhabitants of the earth.

And this light shall be a revealer of things which are now concealed; and that mist of sin, and sorrow, and wretchedness, which now prevails among the inhabitants of your earth, shall be seen. O the darkness! O the wretchedness! O the suffering, down there! *There* are the poor children of men, bowed down to the earth, in chains worse than iron. We look upon thee with pity; and we would take thee up in our hands, and let thy brothers come and look upon thee, and see where thou art. And when thou art distinctly seen, and it is known that thou art a brother, then they will take thee from thy low estate, and raise thee up; and say, Here is food, and clothing, and the things that thou dost now most need.

And then he who *pompously* — O, he thinks, he thinks, of *himself;* that he is of *great importance!* O, he struts about on your earth, among the inhabitants thereof; and some of the people go down on their knees to him.* But the light, my young friend, shall come; and he shall be stripped of that covering which now conceals him. O, *horror!* O, that *inside!* that INSIDE! We see it. With emotions of pity, of *pity*, we look upon it! His covering shall be taken off, and he shall stand up as he is. And then, too, there shall come to him loving, kind, gentle persons, who will pity him, as they did him who was thought to be a long distance below him; and they will do him good, as he need it.

* This was spoken with great energy and effect.

I have spoken to you, my young friend, before, — more than once; I have spoken to you of the *priest* — the PRIEST. I have told you of the unfavorable circumstances which surround him. You see him, in his lofty place, highly puffed up, because he is there, clothed in rich and flowing garments; the people looking up to him, and almost adoring the thing, which they, themselves, have made. Take off, *take off* the robes, lay aside those outer things; and you see there a poor, dependent creature. And the light shall come, and he shall be truly seen, and the people will weep, *weep*, when they behold him. And they will try to do him good also.

And that splendid, *splendid* building! richly decorated with all that makes it most attractive. And he who lives within that may have obtained the same from his poor brothers, who now have no place in which they can lay down their weary heads. And when the light shall come, it shall shine into that; and it will be distinctly seen how these goods were obtained, and they will look upon him who lives there with pity, *pity*, PITY, — *poor brother!* — and they will try to do him, and all such, great good.

Such are, my young friend, some of the things which will occur when the light, which is just now at your door, shines upon the inhabitants of your earth. And then, that poor man, who sits down there so quietly, making that which is truly useful for his fellow-men; the inhabitants of your earth have passed him by, without looking at him. But that poor man shall be seen, when the light comes; and he will take his high and

most appropriate place. And then, and then, my young friend, and then, those who have been hated, and scorned, and abused, and threatened, and even been in danger of losing their lives, because they have spoken high things; O, they will stand up, *up there*,* UP THERE; and the people, *and the people;* and the men, and the maids; O, they shall ask, "And what meaneth all this?" Ah, my young friend, my young friend, it is the light, *it is the light*, that is coming; things are to be seen as they are, — *as they are*, AS THEY ARE! And each, and each, shall find *his own true place.* O, could we now, my young friend, could we but help you, the inhabitants of your earth, to see things as they are, there would be a change of feeling approaching almost up into the high regions of the miraculous. Not, my young friend, not miraculous; no miracle; but, as I have said before, all is under the guidance of eternal, eternal laws. And He who made those, understood precisely, in the beginning, just what these laws would necessarily bring to the minds of the inhabitants of your earth.

Such, my young friend, are some of the things which will be consequent on the wider spread of that light, which is just now dawning, *dawning*, DAWNING, upon your earth. And happy, and highly favored is he who first receives, and enjoys, and aids in disseminating this light, among those who are within the circle of his influence.

* Here the medium pointed upward with an energetic gesture

MESSAGE XII.

THE NEW TEACHERS.

The new promulgators, and their work. — Our present teachers, and the source of their knowledge. — The new teachers get their knowledge from above. — No devil, no hell to drive men to God — they are drawn to Him by love. — Jesus and his self-forgetfulness. — The new teachers, and their ability to discern character. — The medium's past life all open to the spirits. — His new life and new work.

Most happy, my young friend, am I once more to be able to greet thee. I desire here to renew my expressions of gratitude to the kind friends who have severally, so carefully, patiently, and so correctly, recorded the words which I have communicated. In a future time, they will look with pleasure upon the labors which they have so cheerfully performed.

I desire now to speak to you, and through you, to the inhabitants of your earth, on a subject which deeply concerns their present, their future, and their everlasting welfare. The time has already come, when new, and carefully-prepared promulgators are to go out and communicate those things which are most important for the inhabitants of your earth to understand. In a high wisdom state, teachers will be comparatively little needed; because, to a considerable extent, men will be able to teach themselves. They will rarely feel that they

must go to those who are about them for instructions, because there will flow, naturally, into their minds, precisely the teaching which, at the time, is by them most truly needed. It was well said — "Every man shall not teach his neighbor, saying, 'Know ye the Lord,' because all shall know him, from the least unto the greatest." At the present time, not having arrived at this high wisdom-state, it becomes needful that teachers should be raised up, qualified to go out and communicate that instruction, which the world has not received. I have before, my young friend, spoken to you of those you now look at, as your teachers. I have before said that when it has been said by you, the inhabitants of the earth, that one had finished, *finished* his education; that, in truth, he knew almost nothing — *almost nothing*. I have spoken to you of those who are dressed in black, and stand up before the people. These, like those who are said to have finished their education, have acquired their knowledge from books, *books*, BOOKS; and I have spoken to you before of books, of *books*. And let me say to you now, that little can be gathered, for the wisdom-state, from the books which have already been prepared. These books are like the sermons that you hear — made to sell, *to sell*. And when the maker of the books, and the maker of the teachings, sit down to engage in their works, they almost always look out into the market-place, into the *market-place;* and if there is not a call for the commodity, which in their highest thought they would make, then they make that which the people are best prepared to purchase. Your good sense, my young friend, enables you to see that such persons can do but lit-

tle in advancing men up into the wisdom-state. And now, the teachers which are to come to the inhabitants of your earth, their faces are to be turned upwards — *upwards* — UPWARDS! And then there shall flow down into their minds that wisdom, which shall refresh them; and from them, shall descend to the most insignificant inhabitant of your earth. That is the character of the teaching which must, in the order of events, now soon come to view. And many will receive it. There will be something, my young friend, that will lead them to say, "That is precisely what we have been waiting for; and we *know* that it is true." There will not be one who *thinks*, merely; but there will be absolute knowledge, that the sentiment which he utters is right, just and true. And these teachers shall carry along with them no letters of introduction; their words shall speak for them; and it will be known that they have received and are distinctly declaring the truth, which has come down into their minds. And the people will be drawn to listen to such, with great joy. No *devil;* no awful place of suffering to *drive* them — to DRIVE them; but it shall be that sweet, that gentle influence, which shall draw, *draw* them. How sweetly did one in former times say, "I will *draw* all men up unto me." Not, my young friend, not raising one up as though he were to go into some far distant and unseen place; but that his sweet influence, his holy life, his pure truth, should attract them to high and holy living — *living*. And when they are on the lofty mount of righteousness, then they shall not look down unconcernedly upon those who are far below them; but they shall draw, and *draw*, and DRAW, the low up

to their high positions. O, the mind is filled with celestial rapture, whenever it contemplates that holy, that beloved, that self-forgetful ONE, whose bread, whose drink, whose *whole life*, was one continual action for the good of his brother men; for he was a most loving brother.

I have before, my young friend, said to you, that you have said, that He came in a peculiar sense down from heaven; in a distinct sense, that he was born unlike others. Away with such notions! They are not, my young friend, worthy to be entertained, even a single moment, in comparison with the higher thought, that he rose up, that he rose up, and *up*, and UP, above those things which were below him. It was not He who came down from above, but it was He who was born low, and came up, and ascended nearer, and *nearer*, and NEARER to Him who made all things. And when you, as I have before said, shall be deeply impregnated with this most important thought; when it shall take possession of your whole existence; then, with open eyes, you will see the true, loved ONE, whose wisdom was the highest that has ever yet come among the inhabitants of your earth. And there shall be those raised up, who shall feel that truth; and who shall say to that dear brother, "Let me take hold of your hand, brother! I want to live up there, where you are." And he will take such, and raise them up to high and holy lands. Centuries have rolled slowly away, and yet that loved one has not been fully understood; and, consequently, could not be fully appreciated.

The teachers who are soon to come shall be unlike almost all those who have gone before them, in this

most important particular; they shall be DECLARERS. And when they have declared the thought which has come into their minds, that will be enough. I have, my young friend, said before to you, that the sun and the rains and the dews — each one of these are ministers — *ministers*. O how charmingly, *how charmingly*, has it been said, "The heavens *declare*." The sun does not stop in its course to ask how the inhabitants of your earth like what it declares. It does not stop to engage in polemical disquisitions with the inhabitants of your earth, but it daily declares, and goes quietly, day after day, week after week, year after year, on its peaceful journey, DECLARING.

And then, the teachers who shall come now to you, they shall exert a sweet influence. O, the inhabitants of your earth will almost wish to nestle, *nestle* in their bosoms; there will be proceeding from them such a sweet influence. They will not partake of those things which corrupt their mortal bodies. I have, my young friend, already said, that no longer shall the inhabitants of your earth dig down into the damp earth for roots; but upwards, and *upwards* shall they raise their extended hands, and pluck the things which are above — *above;* and, partaking of these, they shall exert a sweetening influence upon the bodies and minds of these teachers, so that the very air around them, when they come to the inhabitants of your earth, shall be fragrant — *fragrant*. There shall go out from them that sweet influence. And then, they shall be teachers, who will be able, most distinctly, to see, *to see*. Blessed, blessed are they who have eyes to see, *to see*. Men may have

things which they may falsely call eyes; but those eyes do not help them to see. But the teachers who shall come, they shall see who you are, who *you* are, who you are, and who YOU are; and they will read you *like a book*. They will look right down into you; and, as it were, at a glance, they will see just what you have got inside of you.

I have, my young friend, already spoken to you of the light. It shall come. It shall not only expose the corruptions that are existing among the inhabitants of your earth, but it shall, at the same time, tell you of the pure, and the good, and the holy. And it affords us the greatest pleasure to speak of those noble, those self-forgetful, those generous, and those true souls, who have sacrificed all, for the right. I have told you, they shall stand up, and *up*, and UP, above all others. And when these teachers shall come to such a one, they will know him instantaneously. More and more their minds will be illuminated; and as you see the light come together, and make but one light, so shall these true teachers and these true souls come together, and they shall be one.

Again, my young friend, let me state most distinctly to you, and the inhabitants of your earth, that these things are not to be carelessly performed; but that all is under the entire control of Him whose laws are perfect and ever the same. And it is meant here to be said, that as the world becomes enlightened, so shall these things from time to time appear in your midst, as has been now distinctly stated.

And these teachers, my young friend, will not be

taken altogether from one little circle; he in that circle, she in that circle, the little child in that circle; they shall come together from various circles; and they shall come together; and they shall look one another in their faces; and they shall love one another. And those little division walls, of which I have before spoken to you, will appear to them so very small, that they will be unwilling to spend a single moment of their precious time, in talking about them.

When on your earth, I sometimes saw little children setting up little tiny bricks, and then they would throw them down; and that was very well for little children. But when you become *men*, you will put away childish things. And now, it is seen, that there are not a few, who do appear to be grown; but, in truth, they are little children setting up the bricks, and then throwing them down again. And thus, my young friend, have they spent weeks and months and years; and have done almost nothing that was designed to promote the wisdom-state.

The teachers who will come into your midst, will not be thus unwisely employed; but will, with expansive minds, and hearts full of love, and that guided by high wisdom, they will seek the happiness of all; and, as I have said before, overlooking them all.

And now, my young friend, I turn to you as an individual person. It is distinctly seen that you are to do a most important work. Your back life is all open before us, and it is seen that you have earnestly desired to receive and declare the truth; and you are to conse-

crate yourself, more perfectly than before, in the advancement of the new light, which now just begins to dawn upon the world. [Mr. Spear here struck his foot violently.] That foot, my young friend, is to go up and down on your earth; and as you need strength, so shall that foot, as I now press it, receive the aid you need. And these hands [here the speaker's hands were raised] are to work, *work*, WORK, as you shall find labor to do; and there shall be given you that strength which you at all times need. You shall not know want, in all that work which you are called to do, for there will be those, who will see what you are doing, and they will, from time to time, render you help as you need it; they will give you that aid which you will feel to be needful, to promote the work you are to engage in advancing.

My young friend, then, in leaving you for a season; having closed the teaching I have to communicate; take the words which have been so carefully recorded, and let these words be communicated to those who are ready to receive them, in such ways, and at such times, as your good sense, from time to time, may dictate. And you will be watched over constantly with the deepest interest. You will be guided in the way you are to walk; and the blessing, consequent on a true life, shall come down on your consecrated head.